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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
—Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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GETTING OFF

This issue of DRUMMER begins the seventh year of DRUMMER's publication. Who would have dreamed that a little forty-page first effort would end up as one of the top half dozen Gay publications nationally. Back in those early days, no one would advertise in a leather publication and we were well into our third year before the advertising pages of DRUMMER made much of a dent in the cost of its publication.

It was three years later that DRUMMER moved 400 miles north to San Francisco and several thousand miles up on the acceptance charts. During the next few years, leather came off the cover and four color reproduction went on. The inside stayed about the same, just bigger. To compete in the marketplace and pay for the rapid expansion, we had to look as good on the newsstands and bookstores as the gay publications published by non-gays. Then those same publishers started copying DRUMMER, of all things, as Leather became bigger and bigger.

As of last year, Leather went back into DRUMMER's cover illustrations and we experimented with new sizes, different paper and special issues. DRUMMER's sales have continued to climb, whatever we do and while the compromise in paper didn't hurt sales, we aren't too fond of it. So the coated stock is moving back in, leaving only the burgeoning *Drumbeats* and *Bonus Fiction* sections to book stock.

In the meantime, ALTERNATE, our newsmagazine, which is what we started to publish in the first place, is moving right along. It has always been a conviction of mine that a publication could subsist alone on the advertisers and subscribers that the older national gay newsmagazine had antagonized. ALTERNATE, rather than being a memento, has brought in a number of innovations of its own, which now are being picked up by its competition. We have great respect and not a little admiration for that competition and wish them well. We undoubtedly have antagonized a few folks along our way as well. We have found that that is inevitable.

You are holding the 47th issue of DRUMMER in one of your hands right now. What you are holding in the other could tell you how successful it is. Happy anniversary to you, too.

As we go to press, we learned of the tragic death of JACK YANCEY, an old and dear friend of DRUMMER since its inception. A quiet man of strength, who gave generously of himself, his time and money for gay causes, he was the mainstay of H.E.L.P., Inc. in southern California for many years. Jack Yancey will be sorely missed by all of us.

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

PROBLEMS AND PLAUDITS

While nothing on this planet is worth a nine month wait, DRUMMER MARCHES ON is way up there on the list. Just fantastic — the fiction you folks select is getting better and better, and the photos steamed up the windows for days. MACH 2 and 3 arrived at the same time, so hopefully that subscription is on the right track.

Unfortunately (believe me, I'm not a chronic complainer, but money is money) the Mr. Benson book has still not arrived. Are you still having problems with the printers? Also, I'm receiving duplicate copies of ALTERNATE.

On the plus side, DRUMMER remains my favorite and most eagerly-awaited magazine. The erotic fiction issue was outstanding . . . perhaps you could publish it as an annual event, as long as the quality is maintained and the interest is there. The new formats and new paper don't bother me — I applaud the many innovations evident in DRUMMER lately. It's that concern to try new things and put out a good magazine that satisfies both mind and libido that separates DRUMMER from mere sex rags. More fiction and more action photos, please. You're making a great magazine even better. Issue 45 was the best yet.

Goodman
St. Louis, MO

(Thank you for the encouraging remarks. DRUMMER MARCHES ON was also an experiment, our first with a larger size format and book stock. We discovered a problem with newsstands because of the bigger size, and dropped it. It was amusing to find a new would-be competitor do an exact imitation of the format. By now they should be discovering the problem for themselves. MR. BENSON is having to be reconstructed to a different size since we can find no trade-paperback printer to touch it. It has been a very expensive experiment in book publishing. Since we have gone on computer, all sorts of new weird and wonderful things are happening. We'll check your ALTERNATE subscription. Better two copies than none. Thanks for taking the time to let us know.)

SMOKE, SMOKE, SMOKE THAT CIGARETTE

A year or so you did an article about 'Cigars' and the men who smoke them.

Have you ever done one about the men who smoke cigarettes? The regular type, not the long thin type.

It's just a suggestion. Thank you sir.

Arthur
Atlanta, GA
(We could make a crack here about the models who smoke cigarettes for us all being hospitalized presently for lung cancer. And do you mean regular type/long thin type men or cigarettes?)

But it is a good suggestion. Heaven knows the Marlboro man keeps packin' 'em in. We'll try to include cigarettes [regular, unfiltered, non-menthol] in our next cigar article.)

OLDER MEN

I very seldom write to any magazine. I have no complaints but only praise for a publication that is so outspoken. I was particularly pleased with the article "In Search of Older Men," DRUMMER No. 42, and "Joe's" letter from Atlanta in DRUMMER No. 44 (Male Call). It would be a pleasure to find such a bottom here in Kansas City. He seems to like to play the same type games as this older dad. I would like to make contact with him, and he can write to me via my Drumbeats Box Number, 1318.

Paul
Kansas City, MO

GERMAN SPANKING

I really liked the young German soldier getting spanked ["Over There," DRUMMER No. 46] bareassed. I also liked the goodlooking Irish rebels. Let's have more spanking pictures.

Gary
Dallas, TX

My fetish for wearing diapers, plastic pants, leg irons, restraining belts, penal cloths, levis with hot sweaty smells, etc. started when I was a very small boy. My mom made me wear my sister's panties when I was 5 and still wearing training pants. She didn't stop diapering me until I was 9. My father whipped me a lot. I guess this is why I like leg irons, belts and cuffs and things.

I am 19 and enjoy wearing panties, garter belt and stockings under my school clothes. I like to tease those fly crotch watchers! My 9" cock on a half hard-on puffs my fly way out in front of my thin loose fitting rayon slacks 24 hours a day. I have a slightly larger cock than most boys my age. With panties on underneath exciting my cock it's no wonder my fly stays "puffed out all day." I get stares wherever I go! Their mouths dribble when they

see my pants protruding like a pole imprisoned in a silk bag trying to bust at the seams. I have been doing this since I was 9. I also pose in front of cameras for other bondage freaks in leg irons, restraining belts, etc.

Your magazine always shows the same things over and over so much that all the issues look the same. I enjoy reading about other people's experiences. You don't print enough of that.

I carry myself as a macho man like your magazine shows all the time. Yet underneath all my "macho look" I'm a raving starved sissy garbed up either in diapers and plastic pants — or girl's underwear. I wonder how many men out there in their hot sweaty greasy jeans are all sissy underneath. Please print this because this is a true experience and I'm curious how many more are out there like me.

C.W.
Baltimore, MD

DISAPPOINTED

I am very disappointed with your new cheaper paper and poorly produced photos and the lack of glossy photos. I am writing you requesting a refund of the balance of my subscription.

Why not return to the old DRUMMER format and quality. And where is your series "Famous Sadists in History." Don't tell me you've run out of sadists.

I can't understand why you have let such a great magazine be reduced to newspaper type quality. Why? Why not raise the price and retain the quality? Are any of the original team who put together DRUMMER five years ago still working at DRUMMER?

Donald
Silver Spring, MD

The explanation for the need to lower printing costs was on these pages last issue, so we won't go into it at length here. This issue is glossier and costs 45c a copy more, although we get a very small part of the 45c. We went up sixteen pages on the newsprint issues and this issue stays at the increased size.

Sorry to lose you as a subscriber. If you remain a Drummer reader your next twelve copies will cost you 47.40 at the new price.

Much of the staff of DRUMMER has been here for some time. Our two former editors have both attempted publishing on their own, both printing via multithin on bond paper.

Our "Famous Sadists in History" writer either ran out of sadists or went on to other things. Incidentally, a writer from Chicago Gay Life picked "Ilsa Kach" from that series to criticize us heavily about our sadistic attitude, calling the article "recent." It was five years old. Also see "Nazi Tempest" at left.

The 'NAZI' tempest.

DRUMMER



It all started innocently enough. We had been sent these wild fantasy photos by Mike Arlen in London, which had appeared in English and Swedish magazines. "What a great chance for some snappy satire," said our plucky editor, who sat down at his IBM and started satirizing. The art director timidly suggested that we get rid of the swastika on the flag and put in a Canadian maple leaf instead on the basis that fascism is doing so much better in Canada than Germany these days.

"No, it won't make sense," pouted the editor. Someone pointed out that the 1940 radio-play satire didn't make too much sense either. The publisher remembering his experiences with the gay nazis in L.A., said he was all for satire, especially about fascists and left for the Drummer Key Club for a Ranier Ale and check out the bodies by the pool That was probably his last sober moment for the weekend.

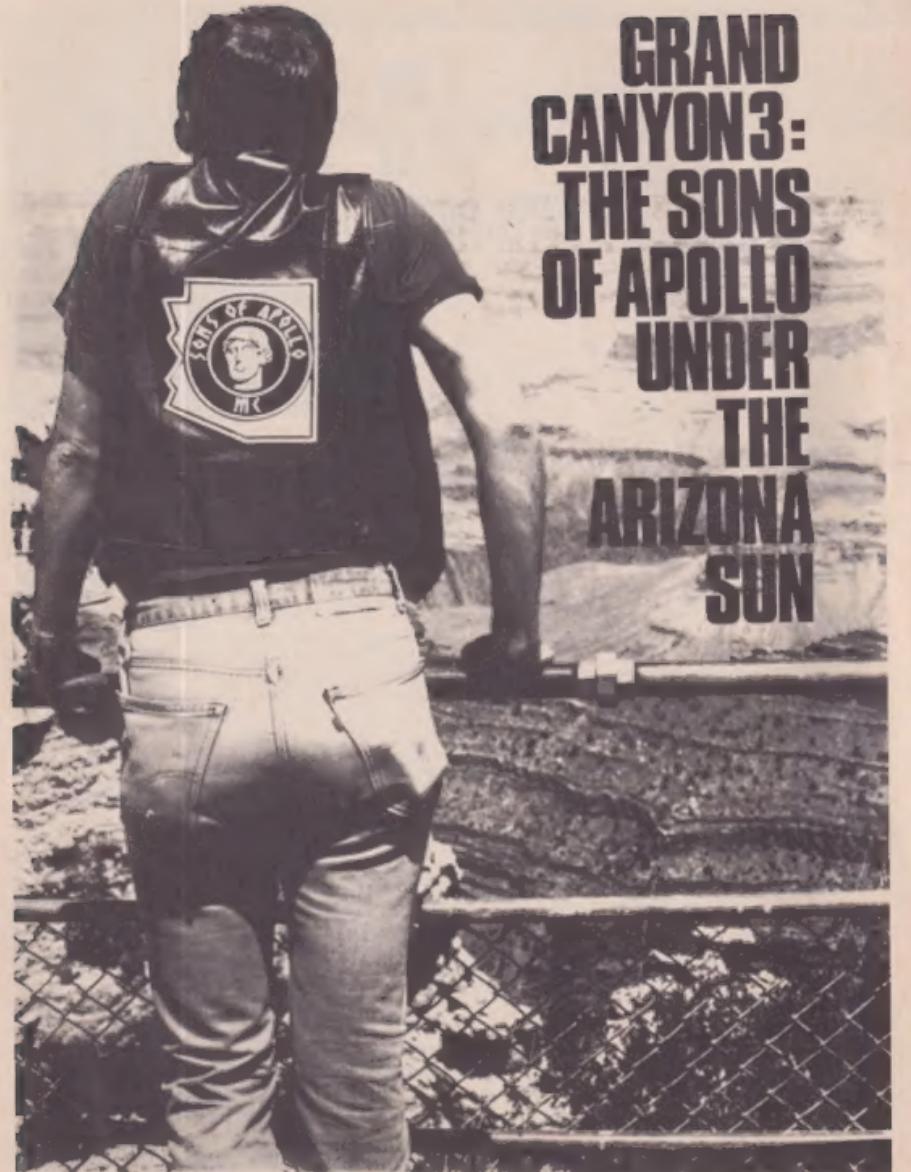
We finally got to press and the only one who was happy with the result was the editor, who likes everything as long as his name is spelled right. Several weeks went by, the issue sold like crazy either in spite of or because of the synthetic English nazis. Then, as fate would have it, we were discovered by anonymous letter writers. They wrote, not to DRUMMER, but to the Bay Area Reporter in San Francisco signing names like "Sanya Littlebear," claiming to be Jewish in Oakland, and "The Red Queen" claiming to be just that.

Then a local sometime author (who could be either or both of the above two) visited a local political club, deplored DRUMMER's "Nazi Stand" and the glorifying of "Nazi symbols," not bothering to show either the magazine or the article in question. He asked to have the group picket local newstands. Nobody but he showed up to do that and one Castro book store agreed to put up a sign advising would-be buyers that they did not endorse what the magazine contained but would leave the decision to buy up to the individual, rather than censor (to their credit). Another bookstore which had just taken on the neighborhood censors (and which fight the ALTERNATE and DRUMMER had supported) pulled the copies off their shelves.

The Bay Area Reporter swallowed "Sanya Littlebear's" line and ran a guest editorial decrying "the Nazi symbols which appeared on the magazine's cover," without ever checking the DRUMMER cover. (See above, circle the symbol in question, send it in with your boxtop and receive your \$1000 prize.) At least B.A.R. called us a "slick and popular Gay magazine." We've been called worse. Our editor sent off a verbose reply, which B.A.R. to date has yet to run, just a couple more challenging letters, one from "The Red Queen."

To have the final word on all this, here it is: If any of these people sincerely want to fight fascism, we suggest they get to work on the new gang in congress. There is a real danger there. DRUMMER is no more pro-Nazi than it is pro-Jerry Falwell or Anita Bryant. Satire is the most cutting of methods, examples: Charlie Chaplin's "The Great Dictator" (read some day about the flap about that one!), Jack Benny's "To Be or Not To Be," Mel Brooks' "The Producers," "Raiders of the Lost Ark" is even more contemporary.

"Let mine enemies appear ridiculous," intones an old saying. It has never been more timely.



**GRAND
CANYON3:
THE SONS
OF APOLLO
UNDER
THE
ARIZONA
SUN**



Take 150 hot men, put them under a hot Arizona sun on a hot Memorial Day weekend, and the result is a hot leather-levi run called Grand Canyon III. Sponsored by the Sons of Apollo, a Phoenix based motorcycle club, this annual event has become one of the most eagerly anticipated and participated functions for the Southwest motorcycle community. Even with three full days of bike competitions and people events, including a day-long ride to the Canyon itself, the most popular pastime remained, as the photos illustrate, that old favorite, getting to know you.

With participants in GC3 coming







Sometimes you get more than you're itching for.

Intimate moments can make for pleasant memories, but occasionally, something a lot less pleasant lingers as well—crabs, for example. Now there's RID, a liquid treatment that kills crabs in 10 minutes and provides rapid relief of itching. RID contains a safe, medically proven natural ingredient at almost twice the concentration of the leading non-prescription product. Each package also includes an instruction brochure and fine-tooth comb for lice and nit removal. You can buy RID at your pharmacy without a prescription and begin treatment at once.

But remember, 38% of the people with crabs have been found to have something worse, like VD. So if you think you may have been exposed to something more than crabs, see a doctor.

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from all over the Southwest, and from as far away as Denver, Tulsa, San Francisco and Australia, no social director was needed to get this group interacting.

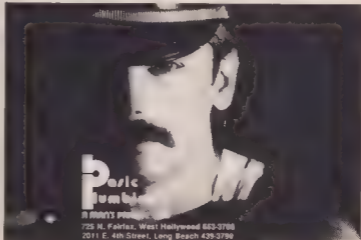
For those who were interested in stretching their consciousness as well as their limbs, the hosts were kind enough to import a functioning rack from one of the local Phoenix bars.

If you found yourself with an insatiable thirst that none of the brands of beer provided could satisfy, there was always plenty of the recycled variety to go around.

And for those with a propensity for *à fresco* fucking, this secluded campsite abounded with many a sturdy limb from which to hang a sling or a slave.

The Sons of Apollo are to be congratulated for their ability in putting together an event that combined the best of the great outdoors with the best of indoor sports in a setting that was guaranteed to give you new ideas about ways to get it on—and off.

—Richard Danvers



Blinded By The Light

Part Two

Aaron
Travis



I woke the next morning with a weight on my groin. Something heavy pressed down directly on my cock. I responded to the pressure, unaware of anything but the warm shell of sleep still circling me, but knowing my cock was hard. I spread my thighs and raised my hips, hunching upward, pressing back against the weight on my shaft. The weight responded by moving back and forth over the length of my erection. It glided smooth as felt over the dry, taut flesh.

Slowly, without opening my eyes, I began to realize where I was. In the motel room Reed had rented for the night—somewhere in New Mexico, or maybe Arizona, on the way to L.A. The room where he had made me strip and lie naked across his lap, punished me with the palm of his hand, made my ass hot as a bed of coals inside and ready for what I thought we both wanted. He made me lie on my back, rock hard and totally exposed.

He had pushed my cock between my legs, out of sight, and made me hold it there while he straddled me—and showed me his cock, the biggest, finest thing one man had ever shown another. I thought—made me want his cock—not hard to do—made me tell him I wanted it, until the sound of my own voice and the words it spoke made me plead for it.

I had watched his fist, moving where I wanted my fist, my mouth, my ass to be, stroking and squeezing his meat until it exploded. Reed caught the white cream in his hand and poured it into my mouth, smeared the rest between my legs, pulled downward on my slippery cock till I came, rubbed my own jism over my balls and up the crack of my ass. And he had never let me touch him. Last night.

The bed was scratchy and hard as a tabletop against my shoulders and ass as I rubbed up against the weight

on my cock. Then I remembered that I wasn't in the bed. Reed had pushed me out and made me sleep on the floor.

I opened my eyes and saw him looming above me. He sat on the edge of the bed, wearing only his jeans—a fresh pair, dark blue and very tight not the sweat-stretched jeans from yesterday's drive. His belly was a stack of hard ridges, foreshortened from my angle and looking incredibly dense with muscle. Above the ridges was the well-defined plateau of his chest. His head was bowed between broad shoulders, looking down. His blond hair, damp from a shower, pressed in flat rings across his forehead and the sides of his face. He still had not shaved; the dark blond shadow across his jaw was beginning to look like a beard.

Reed was looking down at me. There was a vague smile on his face.

It was his right foot that pressed on my cock. He wore soft gray socks. The inner curve of his arch moved over the underside of my cock. I was stiff with a morning hard-on.

My face and chest flushed red. He had a way of embarrassing me, making me painfully self-conscious of being naked and hard in front of him. My cock began to soften. I pushed myself up on my arms, and realized how asleep and groggy I still was.

Reed raised his left foot and brought it down on my chest, forcing me to lie back flat on the floor. The smile on his face vanished.

"Hey cocksucker," he said quietly. His lips, shaping the word, curled back obscenely.

I closed my eyes and bit my lip. I was back where he had put me last night. Two feet in gray socks held me down. My cock filled with blood again.

The foot on my chest was like the base of a pillar, unmovable and rigid. His other foot, heavy and soft inside the woolen sock, rubbed sideways over the length of my cock, gently pressing my balls at the end of each stroke. He lifted the sack with the back of his foot and studied it, then let it drop and began stroking again.

"Hey," he said softly. He kept his voice low, as if someone he did not want to wake was asleep in the room. He licked his lips and raised one eyebrow. "Hey. You think you can come this way?"

I watched his eyes. "Yes," I whispered, matching the secretive tone of his voice. "I think so—" I began to say; but at that moment Reed pressed his foot sharply into my chest, emptying my lungs. The words ended in a rush of air. He pumped his foot against my chest a few more times, making me huff and grunt. He raised his foot into the air, and I expected a jab strong enough to make me faint. Instead he put it down softly, on top of my diaphragm.

"Okay then," he said. "Come for me."

I shut my eyes tight and swallowed. Almost immediately, I knew I couldn't do it. His foot was not enough. The pressure and motion felt good, but only the bottom of my cock was being stroked. It wasn't the same as a fist wrapped all the way around and squeezing blood into the head.

I reached up and circled my hands around his calf to control the pressure and guide his movements. I was startled at the girth of the muscles there. My fingertips did not meet. The muscles flexed gently as he moved his foot back and forth in steady rhythm.

Reed grunted angrily.

I let go of his leg and dropped my arms to my sides.

I kept my eyes shut, feeling hopeless, then ridiculous.

I wanted to tell him to stop, but the awkwardness of everything paralyzed me.

Then a sharp hint of pleasure shot through my groin like a premonition of orgasm. I knew it was possible. I would have to put all of myself into it—and I wanted to, because Reed wanted it. I would have to ignore the freezing sensation of being exposed and observed, and give my body to the premonition. I concentrated on the fleeting sweetness in my cock, concentrated until I was my cock, throbbing under Reed's foot.

I clutched the carpet with my hands, tightening the muscles in my arms and chest. I opened my legs wide, clenched my cheeks and curled my toes. My hips began a slow rotation in countertime to his foot.

I strained after the climax Reed wanted from me. My head fell back and my jaw dropped open. I heard strange panting noises coming from my throat. I began to tremble and sweat, despite the air-conditioned coolness of the room. Sweat ran down the sides of my face and gathered between my thighs. I was getting there, slowly, almost by will alone.

I knew, suddenly, that I would make it—and as suddenly felt a fear that Reed had grown bored with all my straining, that he would stop and leave me on the cusp with my cock sticking up like an unwanted handle, naked and panting on the floor.

I opened my eyes narrowly and looked up at him. His face was tense. His eyes were roving over my body. Watching me twist and sweat to please him. I imagined how I must look, how the two of us looked, the shirtless trucker sitting on the bed and the dark-haired kid he had picked up the day before, stretched out naked and wet on the floor, grunting like an animal.

I rolled my head on the carpet and released a long, loud sigh. I was there.

Suddenly Reed lifted both feet and drew them back. I raised my hips and thrust my cock in the air, trying to follow. Then I began to shoot.

I looked up at him again and saw the grim fascination on his face. This was what he had wanted to see: my body jack-knifed on the floor, untouched—hands and feet clutching the carpet—stockstill above the waist while the bottom half of my body writhed out of control. My cock jerked in the air like a fish out of water, slapping my belly and shooting long jets of come against my chest. While he watched.

After the last spasm, my arms and legs turned to clay. I settled slowly to the floor till I was flat as a silverfish. There was a moment of breathlessness, when I thought I would pass out for lack of air. Then a kind of relaxation I had never felt before spread through my body, turning the clay to warm jelly. There was a sensation of lightness in my limbs, as if all the weight had been drawn into my cock and released into the air along with the plumes of semen trailing warm and wet across my chest.

Reed rose from the bed and stood over me. He took a step and straddled my chest. He stared down at me, his eyes and his mouth half-open. His left hand went to his crotch. He stretched the web of skin between his thumb and forefinger across the width of his cock. It ran down his pants leg like a well-muscled forearm sprouting from his crotch.

Reed braced his right arm against the wall and ran one foot over my chest, avoiding the cooling pools of come as if they were contaminated. He pinched my nipples between his toes and laughed at my squeal of surprise. He cupped his foot against the side of my face and patted me. Then he put the end of his foot into my

open mouth, pushing until I held all five toes between my lips. I tasted soft wool. I sucked on his foot. I wanted to thank him for what he had done to me. I wanted, another time, for it to be his cock, instead of his hand or foot, that he chose to put in my mouth. Then I could return the favor. I could make Reed come—hear his breath quicken while I held mine, watch his face twist up, the muscles in his arms and chest swell hammer-hard, make his hips fuck back and forth—fucking my face, cramming his cocksucker's face, the way Bill used to do. Fucking till everything drew to a point and he filled my mouth with come.

Reed read my mind—or saw the way I was staring at the hard-on in his jeans. I must have looked as wild and slack-jawed as I felt. "Shit," he said, shaking his head and smiling just enough to show his two front teeth. "You got it bad, dontcha?"

I didn't answer. I pushed myself off the floor and pulled my knees awkwardly beneath me, staying down beneath his legs. There was an arch of unseen energy there and I wanted to stay inside it. I put my hands over his feet and pressed my mouth over the broad budge down his right pants leg. I licked at it, sucked on it, rubbed my face against it.

Reed let me for a moment. Then he hit my forehead with the butt of his hand, knocking me back. "Cocksucker," he said.

I kept my eyes on the hard ridge of his erection. The shape was clearly defined. I went for the head, bit it with my lips and flattened my tongue against the rough dry denim.

Reed knocked me back again.

"Crazy for it," he said. His voice was oddly detached, as if he were observing from somewhere high above, far away from me, far from the hard cock inside his jeans.

I pressed back, wanted to make the cloth all wet around his shaft. I wanted a response, a movement in his hips. I wanted him to bend at the knees and rub himself against my face.

He grabbed my by the hair and pulled me off. He kept my face down, close to his crotch. He shook me till my teeth rattled.

"Faggot," he said. He jerked my head back and slapped me, hard, as if he were trying to tattoo the word on my face.

"Faggot with a hard-on," he muttered, staring down between my legs. I felt the tip of my cock jab my navel. The stiffness, so soon, surprised me.

"That make you hard?" he asked, slapping me again, more cautiously. I didn't answer. "You always hard? Huh? Or is it something about me?"

I caught a slimpse of the fear at the back of his anger, not fully understanding.

Our eyes were locked. I think he read the glint of comprehension in my eyes. He pushed them out of sight, shoving my face back into place between his legs. I bit the hard nub of denim where the seams converged.

"You still want it, dontcha?" Reed growled. "I can slap your fucking face and call you a cocksucking faggot, and you still want it, dontcha, huh? Goddamn."

He was grinding my face into his crotch, crushing my nose and cutting the inside of my lips on my teeth.

"You know," he said, breathing harder, "you know, when I was in high school... back in Midland... there was a kid like you. Except he didn't need no encouragement, you didn't have to lead him along, no sir, he was a cocksucker and he wanted every guy in school with a big cock to know it. Yeah, he didn't like to suck just

anybody, he had a craving for guys on the football team, like me, he just wanted to suck their cocks and make 'em feel good. That's all he wanted, all the time, he wanted to be down on his fucking knees with a big piece of meat down his throat."

Reed twisted my skull, bending my neck so far back that I could hardly breathe. Slowly, his hips began a grinding, fucking motion, burning my lips with the rough denim.

"I mean, he was alright looking, he wasn't a pansy or anything. He was alright looking, he looked like everybody else except he wore real tight pants and walked with his cute little butt stuck out. He was real smart, he'd help you with math and stuff. But shit, he didn't think twice about asking for it right out loud. He could really blow your mind. 'Come on Reed,' he'd say, 'why dontcha pull it out and let me. You're the biggest, Reed,' that's what he'd tell me, 'you're the biggest, I've seen it and you've got a fucking horse dick between your legs and I wanna suck on it.'"

"But I never let him. You know why? Because I figured you had to be a little queer yourself to get off on a cocksucker's mouth, you know what I mean? That's just the way I figured it. Maybe the other guys didn't think so, they liked it, but I just couldn't see it, it was still doing it with another guy. What do you think?"

He jerked my head back and made me look up at him. All I could see were his forehead and eyes. The rest of his face was blocked by his chest, two slanting mountains of muscle with a deep valley between.

"No, Reed," I said. "You're not a queer. You're a man, and you're the biggest, Reed. You're a horse, Reed. You've got a cock like a stud horse."

"Yeah," he whispered. He closed his eyes and pursed his lips, and shoved my face back into his crotch. "Yeah that's what Reggie said. He was a cocksucker like you and he wanted it just as bad. He didn't mind if you got a little rough, either. No, he liked that. That turned him on. Like he enjoyed the chance to show you just how low he'd go to get a cock in his mouth. One time, I remember, one time..."

Reed's voice trailed off, and was gone a long time. In its place was the sound of his breath, ragged and shallow. Then he began speaking again, in a voice that might have come from the moon.

"One time, one night after a game or something, a few of the guys had Reggie in the bathroom. I walked in on 'em. You should've seen 'em jerk and start shoving their cocks back in their pants. But they relaxed once they saw it was me."

"They had Reggie sitting in one of the stalls, on the toilet, stark naked. They'd made him take off all his clothes, and thrown 'em out the window. They were taking turns making him suck their cocks. They were whopping him up the side of his head and calling him names: cocksucker, queer boy, faggot. He was crying, real soft like; I could see the tears on his face all the way down to his chin. I could see where they'd dripped down and got his chest all wet. Shiny and wet, he had a smooth little chest, not a hair on it."

"But he didn't try to get away. Or maybe he'd tried to before, and given up. There was nowhere for him to go without his clothes, anyway. They kept using his mouth and slapping him, over and over, I could hear him gagging like he was gonna throw up. And he kept looking over at me, and his eyes were real shiny with tears, and his eyes... he wanted something. He didn't want me to stop all those guys. I probably could have, but that's not what he was asking for. He wanted me to

join in. I could tell he wanted me over there with the rest of 'em, whopping him across the mouth and calling him names. So I didn't break it up, I just stood there and watched and threw a boner in my pants. I couldn't help it, the way Reggie kept staring at me there, looking at me sidelong while his mouth was stuffed full of some other guy's dick.

"And I remember, toward the end, after everybody had shot, one of the guys, his name was Robin and he had black hair and the thickest legs you ever saw, he was a real son of a bitch, real goodlooking and stuck-up...he said something like, 'Well, if the goddamn faggot won't get off the toilet, I'll just have to piss on him.' Which wasn't true 'cause there was plenty of other stalls...but everybody laughed anyway, like he was making sense...and he stood over Reggie and pointed his cock down and let go, all over Reggie's lap. And Reggie stared up at him like he was some kind of god and his cock stood up real stiff, wet and stiff. Then Robin grabbed his head and bent it away back and said, 'You want a kiss, baby?' And he spit right in Reggie's face.

"Robin zipped up and walked out after that, smiling real big like he was proud of himself, like he'd put on a good show for everybody and shown 'em what a stud he was, and the other guys went too. They trafiled out of the bathroom, laughing and talking dirty. One of 'em noticed I wasn't going and said something about 'looks like Reed wants some time alone with the cocksucker. Yeah, looks like Reed has to settle for what's left.' And they laughed and talked about how they fucked Reggie's throat so much. It was loose as a Mexican's cunt, but maybe I could stretch it out some more. My ears burned, but I stayed there till everybody was gone, and I couldn't hear 'em out in the hall anymore.

"It was real quiet them, all I could hear was Reggie sort of moaning, sitting on the toilet with his legs open and his head thrown back. I pulled him off the toilet and walked him to the sink and helped him rinse off. He smelled somewhere between a urinal and a sweaty jockstrap, his breath smelled like a greasy cock, cock breath, that's what he had. I had my fingers crossed nobody would walk in on us.

"Then I asked him where the hell his clothes were and he told me, and I went outside and got 'em while he waited. Then he got dressed and I gave him a ride home.

"On the way—I mean, he was really strung out, he looked all pale and weak as a kitten—but he started coming on to me. I got real mad and told him he was a goddamn whore, a goddam fucking whore. I told him I ought to beat his fucking ass. But he said he knew I wasn't really like that, that I was different from the other guys. That I wasn't mean like they were. He said they were a bunch of punks, but I was a man already. He said—"

Reed gasped and began riding my face, burrowing hard with his hips as if he were hunching a pillow.

"Reggie said that he was in love with me. That the only cock he really wanted to suck was my cock, because he knew it was the biggest, and I was the best looking guy he knew, and I was nice. He said he wouldn't want any of the other guy's cocks if he could just have mine. He said he knew, he could just tell, that my come would taste real good, sweeter than anybody else's. I told him he had rocks in his head, I wasn't different from anybody else...Shit, he finally got to me. I was horny all the goddam fucking time. I took him to the place I went parking with girls, and I took it out

and showed it to him. He started taking off his clothes, and I told him to stop, but he said he wanted to be naked like back at the toilet.

"I guess he wasn't really such a great cocksucker after all, 'cause he couldn't get much more than the head inside. That was okay by me, 'cause it sort of turned me off, thinking about all those other cocks he'd had in there earlier. So he just licked it all over, all up and down. And he sucked my balls in his mouth, 'cause he said he wanted to hold my come in his mouth while it was still inside my body. It felt real good, but I couldn't shoot that way, so finally I just beat off, and Reggie caught it in his mouth. And he said that he was right, it was smooth and sweet as cream.

"Then I took him home. He was really beat, he fell asleep on the way, I had to wake him. He wanted to kiss me but I wouldn't let him. That was all we ever did, just that once. He kept after me, but one time I really told him off in front of some of the guys, and he stopped after that. But he never stopped looking at me...that way...

"He was an okay guy really, I mean, I really did like him in a way. I heard he went off to college and made a lawyer or something, he's a bigshot in Austin now. Can you believe that? And I ended up being a trucker like my daddy, huh, I guess that's the difference between having a big cock and a big brain—"

Reed went stiff suddenly, held me close with hands like a vise. His cock was pressed against my face through the denim. I felt it pump, felt wetness seep through and touch my neck.

His grip relaxed. He released me and I sat back on the floor. He looked down at me for a moment, breathing

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hard. I watched his big chest rise and fall.

Then he turned away and started pacing the room like a wired mountain lion. He got a towel from the bathroom and wiped out the inside of his pants leg, then used the towel to mop his armpits and the small of his back, where the sweat glistened in the smooth cleavage. He pulled on his thin white A-shirt and a short sleeve plaid cotton shirt, and put on his boots. He grabbed his keys and his wallet and stuffed them into his pockets.

He glanced over at me and frowned. I hadn't moved, or taken my eyes off him the whole time.

"Hurry up and get dressed if you want some breakfast," he mumbled. "I'll meet you in the cafe."

There was a hand-lettered sign in the cafe window that said

BEST BREAKFAST ON INTERSTATE 10

The place was crowded, mainly with men—truckdrivers, travellers, a few farmers. A group of locals in cheap business suits sat at a long table at the back, talking about politics and high prices.

Reed had found a booth for us. He was already eating.

"Sorry, couldn't wait," he said with his mouth full "Hungry."

There was a big platter of scrambled eggs, ham, and pancakes in front of him. My stomach began to growl. The waitress brought me a meal. I tried to find something I could afford with the small change left by the thief who had stolen my money roll the day before. The

pickings were slim. I had just enough for a small glass of milk and a sweet roll.

Reed was eating too fast to speak. I hid behind my opened menu.

The waitress came back and I started to order. Reed cut me off.

"He'll have the same."

The waitress nodded and took my menu. I noticed the smile she aimed at Reed. He smiled back. Something he must do a dozen times a day, I thought—accepting their admiration and acknowledging it.

"Milk instead of coffee," I called after her; my nerves were strained enough, and I didn't need waking up. The waitress turned her head and nodded, and smiled at Reed again. He didn't see. He was busy shoveling pancakes into his mouth. The pancakes dripped with syrup. I wondered how he kept his bright white teeth and his hard lean stomach.

I cleared my throat. "Reed, you know I haven't got any money."

"Shit, I'll pay," he said, swallowing and raising his coffee cup to his lips. "No big deal. I can't expect you to starve yourself just because you were dumb enough to let some jerk back in Clovis rip you off."

I was grateful. More than grateful. I felt like crying. I wished I could tell him how I felt without sounding too personal. That may seem odd, considering what had happened between us. But that was where my mixed-up head was at. There was still a wall of some kind between Reed and me. Looking at him across the table, I could almost believe that we were what we appeared to be, a young truckdriver and a kid hitchhiking to L.A., nothing more.

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Reed certainly acted as if that was the case. There were no deep looks, no secret smiles. He didn't seem interested in anything but eating. I told myself he had come three times in the last ten hours or so: maybe he was free of whatever crazy energy kept flowing back and forth between us. But I had come three times myself, and I wasn't free of it. It was all I could think about while I ate. I stole glances at Reed and thought what an animal he looked, shovelling in that food and smacking his lips. I thought about the way you could tell his body was big and hard everywhere, even through the clothes he wore. I thought about how his cock looked when it was hard. I ate my scrambled eggs and imagined eating them off Reed's cock.

The energy filled me up and spilled over into the cafe. I looked around at all the men there, starting out their days freshly showered and shaved. I wondered how the more attractive ones looked without their clothes, and how big their hidden cocks were, and if any of them made it with guys.

Reed finished before I did. He sat back and stretched his arms. His biceps mushoomed and filled the loose short sleeves of his shirt. "We'll make L.A. this evening," he said, yawning.

"So soon?" It had taken me days to get from Austin to the New Mexico state line. Now after two days on the road I would be on the West Coast. Two days in the cab with Reed.

"You never been this far from home, have you?"

"No."

"Well, it looks mighty big on the map, but once you hit the highway and keep going, this country's not so big, you know?" He smiled. "Unless you have engine trouble."

I hoped we would. I had a vision of Reed, shirt off, and dripping sweat, standing on the front bumper bent over the engine, sun beating down on the rippling plains of his back.

"So," I said, looking down at the half-eaten stack of pancakes on my plate. "What will you do when we get there?"

Reed shrugged. "There's this hotel I usually stay at. In a sort of seedy part of town." He smiled faintly, remembering something. "They got a big parking lot in the back where I can put the truck. Tomorrow, maybe tonight, I'll rent me a car. Come Monday, I'll take the truck to the warehouse and unload it, and head back."

"What's today?" I had lost track.

"Friday, say." Reed grinned and nudged my leg under the table. There was nothing suggestive in his touch—more like a friendly jab of knuckles in the ribcage.

"So you'll be in L.A. over the weekend."

"Yeah, a little layover. I been up for it all week. Big town." He changed the subject. "And of course, I'll be needing to drop you off sometime. Or, I might be easier if your friend picked you up at the hotel. You can call him soon as we get in. You can be sleeping at his place tonight."

I tried to conjure an image of Bill in my mind. All I could see were the mangy pancakes on my plate. Reed said that I was troubled.

"I mean, that's what you're wanting, isn't it? To meet up again... with this guy."

"Bill," I said. "His name is Bill. Yeah, I guess so."

"Hey," Reed's face turned serious. "You'll be okay with him, won't you? I mean, you two are close enough, he'll take care of you till you can get some dough, right?"

I nodded.

"Cheer up," Reed touched my arm, as he had done last night, when I discovered my money roll was gone. I knew that if I looked up I would see his face as I had seen it then: concerned, reassuring... and untouchable, at least the way I wanted to touch it. Not like this morning. Or last night.

"By the way," he said, brightening, "if you're not gonna finish those pancakes, why don't you slide 'em over here."

We made good time that morning. The day started warm and dry. By noon it was blazing hot.

Reed stripped down, as he had done yesterday, to his white A-shirt. Soon the thin cotton was soaked through and clung to his skin like wet muslin. The moving muscles in his chest and shoulders pulled it up till it bunched in tight folds over the hard curved plain of his abdomen. His naked arms worked the big high wheel and the ball-top stick shift.

Nothing happened. Reed drove the rig. I sat three feet away and stared at the monotonous desert flatlands west of Phoenix. The sun was behind us, casting the shadow of the truck far ahead.

Across the California line, in a little town of about twenty mpels called Blythe, we stopped for lunch. It was after one. The place was almost empty.

A couple of guys at a table caught my eye as we walked in. They were seated at a table wearing nylon football jerseys, the kind that stay bright and cling to the skin. Reed took a booth in a back corner, next to a window that opened onto the parking lot. I faced the window and watched rippling heat rise from the asphalt. There was only one car in the lot, a blue Camaro. I had to move in a few inches to get out of the glare of the windshield.

The waitress handed us menus. She smiled at Reed, he smiled back and scratched his chest. I studied the menu glances. When she came back with water, Reed ordered a plate of Polish sausage and potato salad.

"Sounds good to me, too," I said.

"How're you gonna pay for it?"

I stared at Reed across the table. He was looking straight at me with his arms crossed, one eyebrow slightly raised. I missed a breath, or maybe took two in place of one.

"I'll just have a glass of milk. And a sweet roll," I said, trying to put steel in my voice. Reed seemed to be amused, but he didn't say anything.

"That's it?" the waitress asked, lips pursed, pencilled eyebrows raised in perfect semicircles.

"Yeah," I said.

I wolfed down my lunch and watched Reed slice into the sausages. They popped and leaked juice as the knife sawed through. He put a big bite in his mouth and smiled at me as he chewed. I stared back at him angrily, amazed at how childish and stupid he looked.

Then a felt his foot against my leg, rubbing gently. A current cold as ice ran up my groin.

His foot followed it up. He pushed my knees apart, then propped his heel on the edge of the seat between my legs. He straightened his leg. I felt the sole against my crotch. My cock started to stiffen. He kept pushing, pinning me back against the seat.

Reed smiled, and ate, both at once. His foot began pumping against my crotch, very slow but steady. I looked down at the empty glass and saucer before me,

suddenly under his power again. I closed my hands over the top of his boot, trailed my fingers over the thick laces, pressed my thumbs into the worn brown leather. I pulled his foot into my crotch and pushed back.

Reed kept eating, paying no attention except with his foot. I sank deeper and deeper, until I felt nothing at all but the point of contact. I didn't seem to exist above the wrist.

Reed picked up one of the sausages between his thumb and forefinger. He leaned across the table and held it in front of my face, pointing the blunt tip at my mouth.

"You want some?" he said in a low voice
 "What?" I batted my eyes, trying to keep them open
 "Open your mouth."

Reed ran the round end of the sausage over my lips, smearing them with grease, coaxing them open. Then the sausage was sliding past my lips. Reed was propped forward on his elbows, head tilted to one side, watching me through narrow eyes. The heel of his boot pressed hard into my balls.

The smooth, warm casing slid over my tongue. I started to cut it with my teeth.

"Don't bite," Reed said. "Cocksuckers never bite."

He pulled the sausage almost out of my mouth. Then he slid in back in, stretching my lips into a circle. Out again, and in.

Beyond Reed's shoulder, through the plate glass, a movement caught my eye. It was one of the high school boys I had seen eating when we came in.

He was standing behind the open door of the blue Camaro staring at me. His hair was blond. His skin was

gold from an early summer tan. His forearms were thick and covered with golden hair. The muscles on his torso were well-defined beneath the sheer nylon of his loose jersey. His number was 74.

That was what Bill looked like. I remembered.

I stared back at him. Reed was pumping the sausage in my mouth, pumping my crotch with his foot. I dug my fingernails into the unfeeling leather.

Number 74 looked shocked. Then a weird grin spread over his face. He stuck his arm into the car, gestured and said something, never taking his eyes off me. His friend, in the opposite seat, leaned over inside the car and looked. They peered into the cafe as if they had spotted some kind of rare bird.

Suddenly Reed pushed the sausage beyond the stricture at the back of my mouth and into my throat. The other end slipped inside the circle of my lips. Reed pulled his hand away.

I held it in my mouth and throat for a moment. I looked at Reed, not at the young men outside. My throat began to spasm. I leaned over. The sausage slid, very slowly, heavy and thick, past my lips and onto the empty saucer.

"Oh Reed," I whispered, too low, maybe, for him to hear. "Oh, Reed. You're making me crazy."

I had come in my pants

Back in the truck. Back on the road. The views were spectacular. First the endless cactus-strewn stretch of the lower Mojave, like a scene from a widescreen Western. The long winding climb up the San Bernardino



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Mountains, the engine churning, Reed's strong right arm steady on the stick shift. Then the steep descent into the irrigated valley land, where the world abruptly changed its face. Dense acres of orchard. Undetermined fields of green in the distance. Palms along the highway. RV dealers. Billboards.

That strange transition must have impressed me strongly. I can see it vividly in my memory. But at the time it was all lost on me. I was whirling like the truck engine inside, smooth as eggshell on the surface. I would say, now, that I was being quietly hysterical. Then, I didn't know what to call it. I couldn't name it—I was inside it, I couldn't look at it from the outside and see its beginnings and ends. My whole body, even my face, was tense. Reed was a presence beside me, solid as iron, like magnetized iron, and I was a delicate body made of metal filings, trying to resist the pull, trying not to fly to him and break into a thousand pieces.

The tension yesterday, and the heat, had finally made me drowsy. Now it was the same. Reed saw me nodding off.

"Sleepy?"

"Yeah." There was an anger in my voice that I hadn't intended to be there.

The sound of the engine. The sharp rush of a car passing in the opposite direction. Then one of Reed's voices. Not the comforting voice, or the moon voice, but both together.

"Why don't you lay your head in my lap?"

I closed my eyes and ordered my body not to shake.

"And take a nap," Reed added, as if he thought I might have misunderstood.

"Okay," I said. Not looking at him, I lay across the seat and settled my shoulder against his thigh. His cock was below my cheek, big and soft.

Reed's erection came and went. Soft and pliable beneath my face, then hard as rope against my cheekbone. I put my hand across the head. It filled the palm like a billiard ball. The vibrations of the engine rumbled through my face and neck, shaking the knotted muscles loose. Occasionally Reed moved his feet on the clutch and brake, the muscles in his thighs regrouped beneath the denim. When his right hand wasn't busy shifting, he rested it on my kneecap and squeezed. Later he touched my hair. I believe he thought I was asleep.

I did sleep, off and on. The rest of the time I dreamed.

The heat in the cab was like a strong drug. I imagined a thousand things. Each fantasy built on the last until my head began discovering things on its own. New thoughts that came from nowhere but within.

I imagined sucking him this way, here in the cab while he worked the rig. My cock was hard. His cock was hard. I wouldn't be able to do it any better than Reggie. I would have to settle for the feeling of it against my tongue and lips. There was so much of it to lick, to kiss. I could go on doing it forever. The ridge around the corona was thick as a finger. I could bite it, sheathing my teeth behind my lips. I could explore its curvature for an hour with my tongue. It wouldn't make him come. But I could hold his come in my mouth while it was still warm inside him, I could fit a ball in each cheek.

I imagined him telling me to strip down, because he liked me better naked in the heat when my body sported a glistening coat of sweat. I would curl up beside him again and nuzzle his cock.

I imagined his hand on my flank, the calluses rough where I was smooth. He would reach over me and open

the glove compartment, take out the jar of vaseline, gritty and black around the rim. Dip his fingers inside, then reach between my cheeks, fingers searching probing—then suddenly rough—skewering me.

He opened me. I was open, everywhere. I felt my throat open like a rose. I lifted my head and drew a breath, face poised over his upright cock. My lips like waves rushing over the ridge of his corona, breaking like waves and rushing down to the very base, Reed was in me, in my neck. He would come that way and the taste would be like heavy cream. It would keep coming for minutes while I drank and drank. Then he would soften and recede from my throat till I could hold all of him in my mouth without choking.

Soon he would need to piss. I would be there. No need to stop. Reed would let go and I would swallow as I had swallowed his come, for long, long minutes. He would never have to stop for a leak, we could drive on and on, past L.A., up to San Francisco or maybe down to Mexico. We could roll up the windows, drive into the ocean, live undersea in the cab, naked together in the green darkness, holding each other naked, eating and drinking from each other's bodies.

"Santa Ana," Reed was saying. He was shaking my shoulder.

I opened my eyes, and shut them. The dream was too sweet to leave.

Hey, get up and look. Dust devils."

I pulled my head off his lap and sat up. The highway was taking us through a corridor of high trees. The trees stretched on as far as I could see. They whipped in the wind.

"Blow you off the fucking road," Reed said. From the



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way he grinned, I was sure there was no danger of that. I never knew where Los Angeles began. The city insinuated itself into the landscape, detail by detail. The open spaces receded. The freeways multiplied. The sun was setting in our faces, blood red through the haze.


Once I was there, I never knew just where I was in Los Angeles. I looked at a map in Reed's glove compartment, but it was too big to unfold in the cab. I'm sure I could never find that hotel again.

It was far off the freeway. I couldn't see why Reed stayed there, instead of a motel, unless it was cheaper. He had said it was in a seedy part of town. I wasn't sure what seedy meant. The buildings were low, gray and old. The hotel was five or six stories. The facade was Spanish; a lot of the decorative work above the windows and archways was damaged or gone altogether, leaving oddly shaped patches of unpainted plaster behind. There was a huge parking lot in back, surrounded by a high chain link fence.

The lobby was dark. There were lots of fake marble columns and brass railings that needed polishing. The place had a musty smell. In one corner were some old sofas clustered around a black-and-white television set. The set was on, but no one was there to watch it.

The desk clerk was a bald man, about fifty, with lots of hair on his forearms. He was reading a dog-eared copy of *Hustler* magazine.

"Look at that," he said, holding up a picture of a naked woman who appeared to be smoking a cigar with her asshole. It was the grossest thing I had ever seen, but the clerk seemed to love it. He held the magazine back and leered at the picture. Then he set it down on the counter.



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"Just me," Reed said. "The kid won't be staying."

The kid looked at us suspiciously. "Sure."

He gave Reed a key for a room on the third floor.

"Hey," he shouted, as we turned toward the elevator.

"You guys be needing company tonight?"

"Not tonight," Reed said. "We'll find our own."

"Yeah. Sure." The clerk scowled at us. Reed didn't look back. I saw him clenching his teeth while we waited for the elevator. "Asshole," he said under his breath.

The room had white louvered doors. The furniture was old, probably older than me. The walls needed a paint job, bad.

Reed started unpacking his overnight bag. "Why don't you call your buddy?"

I didn't want to, but I did. I rummaged through my duffel bag and found my address book. The clerk downstairs put the call through—I recognized his gravelly voice. I listened to the phone ring and hoped Bill would be in.

But he was. I was amazed at the effect his voice had on me. It was just the same. Everything came back, all the memories and fantasies that had sustained me before I met Reed. Bill sounded glad to hear my voice. I didn't say anything too intimate; I figured the clerk was the type to listen in.

Bill said he could find the hotel, but couldn't make it for an hour or so. He said not to eat; he'd feed me dinner at his place. My heart sped up. I wondered if the double meaning were intentional. It would be good to be with him. He would know what I wanted, and he would give it to me.

I hung up and told Reed I'd have to hang around for a while.

"That's fine," he said. He wasn't looking at me. "Listen, I'm going down the street to a rental place. I know, stays open late. Get that car so I'll have it in the morning." He headed for the door. "Uh, look, if you don't see me again—I mean, your buddy might show up 'fore I get back... why don't you give me a call here at the hotel sometime tomorrow or Sunday. Just to let me know how you're getting along. You know, the money and all."

He opened the door. He glanced at me. I nodded.

"I'll do that, Reed."

Then he left. I stared at the louvered door for a long time.

I took a hot shower. I lathered the soap around my cock and got horny. My memories swung back and forth between Reed and Bill. Up against a wall with Bill in my ass, calling me his tight end. Flat on my back with Reed's foot on my chest. I thought about that kid Reggie, naked on the toilet with a bunch of jocks fucking his face.

I dried off and walked around the room, beating my cock, glad to be alone. I looked through Reed's bag and pulled out a pair of his skimpy white briefs. I tried them on. They were the same size around the waist, if nowhere else. I looked in the mirror at the way they fit snug across my ass. I decided I would keep them to beat off in.

I moved around the room, getting myself hot, beating off in the chair, on the bed, in front of the mirror. I noticed Reed's keys on the dresser and got an idea.

I dressed and went downstairs. I walked through the lobby, feeling my hard-on with every step. The clerk looked up and sneered. I nodded to him. His sneer twisted into a flat smile.

I walked to the truck, noticing how dirty the sky looked at twilight. I unlocked the passenger door, stepped up and opened the glove compartment. I found the porno books I had seen yesterday.

Back in Reed's room I stripped again. I laid on the bed and started reading, holding a book in one hand and squeezing my cock with the other. The books were straight, but I figured I was horny enough to get turned on by anything with hard cocks in it.

Could see why Reed liked *Truckstop Where*. The hero was a big blond trucker with a huge dick, who travelled across the country screwing big-chested waitresses and motel maids. I imagined Reed as the trucker, and the story got me off. Some of the sex got pretty rough. The women were crazy for the guy's dick, but most of them couldn't take it. It was too big. One of them even gagged on it and threw up.

The story began to sound vaguely familiar.

The trucker had a sadistic streak. Most of the women took it for a while, just for the chance to be close to his dick, but they weren't masochists. Then he found a girl at a truckstop who couldn't be humiliated enough. The trucker and a friend spent the last half of the book tying her up and screwing her.

Then I came to something that stopped me cold. I read the page over and over. The trucker had the girl naked and tied up. He was making her suck him off. After he came, she spat it out. That made him furious. He slapped her around, then fucked her up the ass while she begged him to stop. Then he made her lick it off his cock and suck him again, making sure she swallowed it.

I had heard that story before. Yesterday. From Reed. He had told it while he beat off and teased me with his cock—told me as if it had really happened, between him and a girl he met in Dallas.

His *Oriental Slavegirl* was straight, too. It was about a serviceman in Southeast Asia who wins a slavegirl in a card game. But there was a scene near the end about a gay GI named Smith, the "regimental cocksucker". A group of soldiers corner him in the barracks atrium, strip him and force him to sit naked on the toilet. Then they take turns fucking his face and calling him names: cocksucker, queer boy, faggot. One of them even pises on him. Then the hero comes in and breaks it up. The gay GI wants to give him a blow job in gratitude, but the hero declines and goes off to use his slavegirl instead.

I laid the book on the bed. Some of the phrases Reed had used were right there, in the books. I couldn't tell how much of what he had told me was real, and how much imagined.

He wasn't the perfect, untouchable stud I thought he was. He was a fake. I felt anger, the special anger you feel when an idol falls. There was something pathetic in it, but I fought those feelings off. I preferred to be mad instead of depressed.

I had been tied to. The idea of spending the night with Bill, some place far from Reed, seemed better and better.

There was a knock. I opened the door, still naked and half-hard. I hoped it wasn't Reed.

It was Bill. We said hi and looked at each other for a long time. I didn't mind being naked. I just hoped he remembered, and liked what he saw. I thought about sucking him off right there in the room, but I decided to wait. I didn't want Reed walking in on us.

I dressed fast, eager to leave with Bill and get away from Reed to some place where I could be myself and think clearly. He had made a fool of me, acting like such

a stud and waving his cock in my face, always out of reach. He had had the nerve to call me a faggot. What was he? I had no idea. All I had was a pack of lies. For all his big, beautiful muscles, he was hollow at the core.

I followed Bill down to his car in the parking lot. I felt the tension drain out of me. Laughing came easy. Bill had a lot of questions about people back home. He kept saying he was glad I'd come.

I had meant to leave a note for Reed. I remembered in the parking lot. I decided not to go back. I also remembered that I had left the paperback in plain sight on the bed. Let him find them, I thought. Maybe his schizoid brain would be able to connect, and he would know I'd seen through his stories.

As Bill wheeled his second-hand Ford into the street, I looked back at Reed's truck, sitting almost alone in the parking lot, almost colorless in the gathering darkness.

The drive to Bill's place took forty-five minutes. I was amazed at the size of the city. We talked about that, and the smog, and a lot of other unimportant things. I was glad just to be in the car with him, soaking in the familiar vibes.

His apartment was in a huge complex next to a Safeway. There was a swimming pool in the central courtyard. It by a ghostly blue night light. I followed him up a flight of clanging stairs, toting the duffel bag over my shoulder.

The apartment was very small—small living room, small kitchen separated by a bar. There was a girl in the kitchen.

"Hi," Bill said. He walked over to the girl and kissed her.

She was a little shorter than Bill, very slender, with large breasts and wide hips. She wore sandals and a white cotton summer dress belted at the waist. Her hair was long and black, parted in the middle. Her complexion was olive, features very delicate—oriental perhaps. *His Oriental Slavegirl*, I thought, groaning inside.

Bill introduced us. Her name was Anne. She shared the apartment with him. Dinners was ready. Anne had to run—a night class. Back by ten.

Bill talked about her all through dinner. "She is wild," he said. "Wild, I tell you. I can't believe the stuff she does in bed. There sure weren't any chicks like her back in Austin. It's something about the climate out here."

I smiled, nodded, tried to keep up a front. Inside I was cracking. The euphoria I had felt leaving the hotel evaporated. In its place was an absolute vacuum.

After dinner, I helped him rinse the dishes and load them into the washer. Bill broke out a six pack of beer and we sat by each other on the sofa, watching TV. I was glad to have the television to look at. I was having a hard time looking him in the eye.

We talked about this and that. Bill kept returning to Anne, going on about how fantastic and uninhibited she was in bed. Every time he mentioned her name the blood rushed in my ears, droning above his voice. I wanted to touch him. I wanted something to happen. But I couldn't make the first move, and it seemed that Bill didn't care to.

Somewhere in the middle of that miserable night, Anne came in the front door. She sat on the floor at Bill's feet. He rolled a couple of joints. We smoked and listened to records far into the night. Neither of them seemed to notice how edgy I was. They were too wrapped up in each other. Maybe they did notice, and tried to put me at ease by ignoring it. I decided Anne wasn't so bad. If she hadn't been Bill's girlfriend, I could

have liked her.

Finally, they went into the bedroom. I was left to sleep on the sofa. I settled down on my back, pulled the blanket up to my chin, and stared at the dark ceiling. Then I heard her. They were fucking in the bedroom.

She was the loud type—probably one of the things Bill liked about her. I could hear everything through the thin, cheap door. She grunted. She moaned. She called out his name. She called him Billy. I got tears in my eyes. I also got hard, listening, knowing how strong Bill's hips were, remembering how his cock felt inside.

I sat up on the sofa and pulled off my underwear, Reed's underwear, wanting to be naked in the grayness. I spat in my hand, smeared the saliva over my cock.

Bill began moaning along with Anne. I recognized that sound, and knew he was coming. I wanted to come too. I wanted to sleep, but somehow I couldn't. I sat there on the sofa, beating my meat long after the groans and sighs died away.

I was like that when the door to the bedroom opened and Bill stepped out. He saw me and grinned, thinking he understood. He raised a finger to his lips and spoke in a soft voice. "What did I tell you?" He shrugged and gestured to the bathroom door at his right. "Gotta wash off."

I stared at his face, trying to tell him everything with my eyes. Wanting him to understand, to save me somehow. His grin vanished. The steely look on his face told me he hadn't forgotten the old days after all. He took a hesitant step toward me.

I slid off the sofa, on my knees. I wrapped both hands around my cock and opened my mouth. I stared at his cock.

It hung from his crotch, slick and pale, still heavy with blood, veins pushed to the surface. It looked small after Reed, but it was beautiful and I wanted it.

Bill took another step. He parted his lips and sucked in a breath. Then he came to me, cock swinging. He stopped just short of my mouth and looked down at me.

"Goddamn," he said. Same old Alan.

I leaned forward and swallowed his cock. He gasped above me. "Oh yeah. Same old Alan." His shaft filled until it was half-hard. He touched my ears with his fingers.

"Yeah," he whispered. "Suck the juice off that cock. Been making my woman feel good. I was gonna wash, but hell, if you want it..."

I tried not to hear. I ran my fingers over his legs and filled my hands with hard muscle. I pressed my palms over the cheeks of his ass. They were smooth and solid as marble.

I held him in my mouth for a long time. He never got fully hard, but it felt good just to have him there, just to be on my knees in front of him. He started to pull out. I tightened my grip on his ass and held him fast.

"I gotta go," he whispered.

I held him tight.

"Hey, Alan. I gotta take a piss."

I remembered the waking dream of that afternoon. Reed in my mouth. Never having to stop.

Bill tried to step back—not too hard. There was a long dark silence. He said it one more time.

"Alan. I need to piss. Now."

I drew back, just enough to turn my face up. I looked into his eyes, just long enough to show I understood. Then I swallowed him again. His cock had grown harder.

I waited. Then it began. Erratic at first, then rushing out. I didn't mind the taste. I simply swallowed, and stroked my cock with both fists.

Afterwards Bill pulled free. He was rock hard. I wanted to suck him. But he stepped back, toward the bedroom, looking at me over his shoulder with a strange look on his face.

A few moments later, I heard Anne murmur in her sleep. They started fucking again.

The door to the bedroom was slightly ajar. Perhaps Bill had left it that way on purpose.

I walked to the door, peered through the crack. A beam of moonlight illuminated their bodies. Anne was face down on the bed, spreadeagle. Bill was on top of her, pinning her down. His legs were stretched over hers. His hands held her down by the wrists. Her face was pressed into the bed, obscured behind the tangle of her hair. Bill was whispering into her ear, biting her neck. I watched the hard, lean muscles in his ass and thighs contract. He was screwing her in the ass.

I returned to the sofa. I sat motionless, cock limp, emotions drained. They came again—Bill moaning, Anne moaning. Silence, the sound of their breathing, deep and steady.

I got up and closed the bedroom door. I went to the wall phone in the kitchen. I lifted the receiver. By the pale white light of the dial I found the hotel in the phone book.

The desk clerk answered. He sounded like he was in a foul mood. I started to ask for Reed, then realized I didn't know his last name. But I remembered the room number.

The phone rang and rang. Finally the clerk broke in. "Alright already, he's not in. You wanna leave a message or something?"

"I guess..." I tried to think of words.

"Wait a minute," the clerk said. "The big blonde guy that checked in this evening, right?"

"Yes," I said, heart beating fast.

"Yeah, that's him. He's just getting in. Looks like he picked up something hot off the strip, too. Hold on, I'll call him over. I wanna get a look at this broad."

I listened to distorted sounds over the wire—the phone laid down on the counter with a clunk, a distant ringing sound, the phone picked up again. Then Reed's voice. I could hear him smiling.

"Yeah, who is it."

"It's me, Reed."

"Oh."

"Reed, I want you to come and get me. It's no good here."

I heard a woman giggling in the background, heard the clerk bark with laughter. I wondered if he was holding up that horrible photo of the woman with the cigar.

"Well, look," Reed said, "I'm kinda tied up right now."

"I don't care. Give her some money and tell her to go away. I want you to come and get me. Now. Please, Reed."

There was a long pause. I counted my heartbeats.

"Okay," Reed said.

I gave him the address. He promised to be there in an hour.

I gathered my things. I left a note for Bill and Anne. It said nothing. I knew I wouldn't be coming back, whatever happened.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

previous summer . . . at the very least, he could have asked. As I thought about it, I reacted with several different emotions . . . anger, disappointment. Finally I decided that he, too, must have taken the drug and was probably too spaced out to exercise proper judgment.

As I shifted my position, doing so with some difficulty because I couldn't use my hands, I involuntarily emitted a groan. I had assumed that Kurt was on the bed, probably still asleep. But the chain had kept me from looking. The very state of continued bondage was arousing me all over again. My cock . . . as more than half hard when Kurt spoke, making me jump a bit bluish with flustered embarrassment. His voice had come from the far side of the room.

"So, you're finally awake," he remarked. "I thought you were going to sleep all day."

I twisted about to look at him, surprised to see him sitting naked at the table, sipping a cup of coffee. The room was quite warm, however . . . no reason why he shouldn't. We ran around bare-assed most of the time last summer . . . whenever we were alone like this . . . "What . . . I mean, I don't know what you want me to do, sir," I said cautiously. "If you wish to instruct me . . ."

Kurt laughed. "If you'd awakened sooner, I might have had some use for you," he said. He allowed a stern expression to cloak his face again, and for a moment I was sure he meant to start on me regardless of the time. I was more than ready for him, despite my previous apprehensions. The sight of his hard-muscle nakedness produced the well-conditioned surge of responsive lust through my guts. "It is almost nine," he continued. "and I must go to instruct my class of beginners."

He stood up, sinew flowing smoothly beneath his skin, came toward me with that same animal grace I remembered from all the times before. He was an exceptionally attractive man . . . no denying it, and the sight of his glowing musculature, the fleshy roundness of his balls hanging loose and free within the darker skin of his sac . . . the full, resting power of his cock . . . all swaying in sleeping majesty with his every

step. . . . Had he placed a further demand on me, I would have responded immediately . . . might well have submitted myself as completely as I had under the influence of his drug. In the course of it I might have wished to retreat, but my fantasies would have cast me forward at the start.

Instead, Kurt, crouched down beside me, running the coarse warmth of his hands across my hip and side. His fingers fondled my turgid cock as his blue eyes stared deeply into mine. He grazed the padding of his back with his hand, an idle gesture as if he were petting some loved but inferior creature. He leaned down and kissed me, gently at first, but eventually grinding his mouth on mine and sucking the breath from my lungs. It should have been the beginning, Kurt knew this and it was a purposeful act, an expression of a subtlety I would not have credited. When he sensed my eagerly building response, he broke away and knelt above me. A cynical smile spread across his lips as he allowed his gaze to rove my prone and helpless body. "You want something," he whispered. "You want it, but you're my slave and you'll only receive what I decide to grant you."

He produced a key from the palm of his hand and began to unlock the leather restraints on my wrists. I knew what he was doing, and I was a little amused because I could see his own arousal . . . hence his own self-deprivation. His cock was arched forward between his thighs, heavy folds of foreskin receding until they only half covered the flare of crown. He shifted his posture a couple of times as he worked on my bonds, and twice the weight of his tumescence shaft came to rest against my stomach. But the contacts did not deter him. He maintained his stern demeanor until the chain and collar had been removed from about my neck, at which point he rose quickly to his feet and extended one hand to help me up. It was the signal that our sexual roles were dissolved . . . at least suspended. He clapped me lightly on the ass and shoved me toward the bathroom. "I must go," he called after me. "The roads are still clear, if you want to take my motorbike. I must ride the train."

He was starting to dress when I went into the bathroom and was gone when I came out. I found a cup of coffee already poured for me on the table, with the rest of the pot still warm on the stove. Kurt puzzled me, as he always had, I guess. There was an air of restrained dignity about him, and this had stayed in place even during the one session when I had seen him coerced into the position of bottom man. It was not the same as my perception of Bert, where his total self remained concealed behind a facade of intellectual expression and physical withdrawal. With Kurt, I had certainly engaged in the most exploratory sexual exchanges, yet I realized that I had been as unsuccessful in penetrating the inner shell of his true personality as I had been with my uncle. I was trying to define the extent of my own feelings. I realized, when these were dependent to a large extent on the very factors I was unable to analyze in either of the men.

At the height of my affair with Kurt, he had never allowed so much as a glimpse of this inner personality. I wondered if my own emotional reciprocation might have been greater if he had. Or would the revelation have displayed some secret facet which Kurt knew ahead of time was going to turn me off? How could I know? I wondered. How was I going to resolve this reconstituted relationship, where I could already see the presumption on Kurt's part of an exclusive right to possess me?

While I finished dressing I drank as much coffee as I wanted and moved the pot off the stove. I made Kurt's bed, knowing he would expect this of me, and then went down the wooden stairs to the garage. I had reached no satisfactory conclusions, and was still at a loss to know how I should try managing my affair with this strange and enigmatic man. I was honestly less concerned for myself than for him. He was vulnerable, assuming his assertions of love were true. While I did not love him in the generally accepted sense, I was very fond of him in addition to desiring him physically. I didn't want to hurt him. In the past I might have been a little afraid of him . . . had admitted as much to myself only the day before. At the moment I was not afraid, and the thought even crossed my mind that the reverse might be true. Incongruous, I supposed,



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but true nonetheless. If Kurt's ego would permit him to remember how he'd been wounded before, he would be more than justified in being a little wary of me now.

I straddled Kurt's bike and kicked the engine over. It caught on the second try, and after I let it idle for a few minutes I made a wobbly exit. *Kurt afraid of me? I've sensed it, maybe, for a long time. Just couldn't put the thought into perspective. . . . see him as equal or as master, never as another man with his own sets of strengths and weaknesses. . . . In some of these weaker than I am. No reason why I should always think of myself as M to his S, either. And this idea really turned me on! I would dig it, man! Would I ever dig it! And strangely enough, I suddenly thought of Bert. I didn't understand him even as well as I was beginning to add-up Kurt. I'd been able to perceive no weaknesses in my uncle, but he was also human. Then I couldn't carry the train of thought any further; it verged on an area of absolute idiocy.*

There was a large Mercedes sedan, with Bavarian State shields above the license plates, parked in front of Alfred's cottage when I arrived. There was a chauffeur seated behind the wheel, who pointedly ignored me as I pulled into the drive. No one was about in the backyard, so I parked Kurt's bike in the shed and threw a tarp over it. Before I opened the back door I knew the caretaker's visitor was a woman. A grating, raucous female voice seemed to vibrate the wooden siding I entered quietly and stood almost unnoticed, just inside the door. The woman had her back to me . . . a great bulk of flesh in an expensive, bulging business suit. She was standing in the middle of the kitchen, speaking to Alfred and my uncle. I'm, I presumed, had taken refuge in the bedroom.

There was a second stranger with the group, an elderly gentleman in a very tall, obviously German outfit . . . heavy black-blue overcoat with dark gray pants legs showing beneath it. A pair of shiny black rubber-soled shoes. Bert grinned slightly when he saw me, and winked. Alfred, who was also facing me, was blocked by the mountain of woman-flesh. It was several seconds before either visitor seemed aware of my entry.

The woman had been holding forth on the necessity of sensory rather than mechanical investigations of spiritual phenomena. From this, I gathered she was there to poke about the castle. Finally, when she paused to draw a wheezing breath, Bert took advantage of the momentary silence. "Mrs. Ledbetter, let me present my nephew, Wayne Hoffstader," he interjected quickly. "Wayne, this is Mrs. Irene Ledbetter, president of the Southampton Spiritualist Society," he added. His expression was a poorly guarded warning not to cross her.

Mrs. Ledbetter turned toward me, all smiles and wrinkles. She was a middle-aged woman, heavy as I'd already observed, with drooping eye folds and the typical peaches-and-cream make-up that was supposed to sustain a glimmer of fading youth. She was a formidable figure, and by the collection of diamonds on her fingers I presumed she had the authority of wealth behind her. She sized me up with the formal graciousness of a disapproving school mistress, finally extending her hand in a gesture that made me wonder if she expected me to kiss it. "How'd ya do?" she rasped. Her beady eyes seemed hardly focused on my face before she dismissed me with a shrug of fleshy shoulders and returned her attention to my uncle. Looks like Herimione Gingold, I thought, and I started to grin despite Bert's unspoken communication.

But my uncle was more than equal to his adversary. Before Mrs. Ledbetter could resume her interrupted discourse, Bert further clarified the situation for me by introducing the second stranger. He did this in a tone which suggested some rebuke of the woman's discourtesy in cutting short the amenities. "Wayne, I'd also like you to meet Herr Doktor Weisser." I took the cold, bony hand and was a little surprised at the strength of the old man's grip. It was, incidentally, the only display of strength he made all afternoon. "Doktor Weisser is . . . executive assistant, I guess you'd translate it, to the President of the State Assembly. The Doktor has personally brought Mrs. Ledbetter here because, like all of us, she is interested in ascertaining the . . .

"Let's stop all this falderall!" she bellowed. "Herr Weisser brought me here because I came with enough backing from the British Society that he couldn't turn me down. I intend to investigate this phenomenon, and I intend to get the answers which you and all the other supposed experts have been unable to find!" She stared at the little German with a malevolent gleam in her piggy eyes, and this in turn made him appear to shrink still further. "And don't think that your affection of good manners is going to sidetrack me, Mr. Forshaw," she added to Bert. "I am . . . aware that none of you wants me here, and that you would hamper me in any way you could if it were in your power to do so. Fortunately, I have arrived."

"Madam," Bert answered coldly, "I do not feel that bad manners are ever acceptable credentials, regardless of the political power behind them. If you think you can find the answer, more power to you." He bowed slightly at the waist, made a hand gesture toward Alfred which expressed his rendering the floor, and beckoned for me to follow him outside. We had the door closed behind us before Mrs. Ledbetter had gathered the steam for her retort.

I had thought Bert was really angry, but once we were out of earshot he started to laugh. He draped an arm across my shoulders and guided me toward the road. "Let's take a little walk," he said. "That old woman's going to stay all the longer if she thinks we're anxious to get rid of her."

"Do you think she suspects?" I asked. "Bert twisted his lips into a grimace of dismissal. "No!" he answered. "Not a chance. I doubt she knows what S & M is all about!"

"Looks like a big bulidylke to me," I remarked. Bert shrugged. "She may be, though I understand her offspring have populated half the shire. Her father was knighted, you know, and if her husband had lived another year, he would probably have been sent to Lords . . . socialist MP for years. Has a lot of friends in the right places, but I doubt anyone takes her very seriously."

We walked together to a rise above the castle, where we had a fairly unobstructed view of the cottage. Bert's arm had remained in place for quite a while, holding me against his side as if he wished to communicate some idea which refused to form itself in words. It was the first time he had ever instigated a physical contact between us. While it may have been no more than a casual gesture, it seemed to break the instructor-student status of our past relationship. Yet, when we stood on the high ground, gazing down at the truly magnificent vista of mountains, trees, and snow-covered chalets, Bert did not follow up with the type of personal dialogue I had expected. Instead, he spoke rather abstractly about the delay Mrs. Ledbetter was going to cause us, indicating his fervent hope that the "damned ghost" not appear to encourage her. While his train of thought was clearly expressed I had the feeling he was distracted, his mind focused on some other subject while he talked. He stepped away from me after several minutes, standing near the edge where the sheer drop of several hundred feet made me hesitate to join him. I have always had a little fear of heights, and when I held back my uncle turned to look at me. His gaze was curious, quizzical. He smiled and moved back to my side.

"I wouldn't shove you off, you know," he said lightly. I acknowledged his remark with a wan attempt at an answering grin. I looked down at my toes, stirring the snow with one boot and purposely not trying to hold an eye contact with him. "Don't you think I'm ready?" I asked softly.

Bert didn't answer me. I knew he'd heard, and I knew he understood exactly what I meant. I had desired him from almost the first moment I'd met him, and in a sense all the experiences I'd had with other S & M people had been undertaken with an underlying sense of preparing myself for this ultimate experience. I looked up sharply after another couple of seconds' silence, surprised myself by catching a suggestion of consternation on my uncle's features. He forced himself to smile and shook his head gently. "We'll both know when the time is ripe," he said. He took hold of my upper arms with both hands and held me facing him. Without consciously directing myself, I leaned forward and kissed him on the lips.

He made no move to stop me, though he could easily have done so. Instead, he returned the pressure . . . a dry kiss, neither of us attempting to make it more than that.

We remained on the hillock for another half hour or so, staring down when we saw Mrs. Ledbetter and her political guard reenter their car and drive off toward the village. Between . . . if nothing more, we had reaffirmed the intention that one day we would make our scene. In retrospect I would hardly call it a satisfactory rapprochement, but for the moment I was satisfied, and the knowledge allowed me a degree of emotional homeostasis.

Two days later, we all recognized Mrs. Ledbetter as an indefatigable investigator. Despite her obnoxious, over-aggressive attitude, and her "coarse vulgarity" (Bert's term), she did display a wide and varied knowledge of the occult. Grudgingly now fully recovered from his accident — Edgar admitted that she was exploring possibilities he had not thought about. To some extent, he offered what assistance he could. But he, like all the rest of us, held his breath in fear she might precipitate an appearance. "If she does," Edgar remarked, "let's pray she exorcises it at the same time."

Bert went into the castle with her for two nights running, as did Alfred. Kurt detested her on sight, and refused to have any part in anything she did. Inevitably, she came to a serious disagreement with Edgar — the only member of our group who attempted to speak with her on her own terms. As an upshot of this, Edgar, Kurt and I spent an evening together in the village . . . the third evening of Mrs. Ledbetter's visit. Bert, Jim and Alfred had accompanied her into the castle.

We started in Kurt's favorite *Bierstube*, sitting at a back table and drinking the sweet, dark *Fassbier* brew. "She is coming dangerously close," Kurt observed. "Last evening she seemed a bit too curious over the reason for our being in the cellar when the . . . the thing appeared for the first time."

"To hell with her," Edgar replied sharply. "If we don't tell her, all she can do is suspect. Darned woman! Always in the cottage . . . or the castle. Never know when she'll come waddling in with some new idea!"

We had eaten a light dinner some time before, and now sat drinking for two or three hours, commiserating over Mrs. Ledbetter's inopportune invasion. The more I drank of the deceptively potent beer the more I kept seeing Edgar's features to those of the young man in Ludwig's portrait gallery. The similarity had become almost an obsession with me. The hall of paintings, incidentally, had not been opened to Mrs. Ledbetter's inspection. Neither was she aware of the underground corridor between Alfred's cottage and the maze of passageways within the castle walls.

It had already been agreed that the three of us would spend the night in Kurt's quarters — the first time we would be with him since our exchange on the eve of the female specialist's arrival. I still wasn't sure how many times Edgar might have made the scene with Kurt, but I gathered it had happened more than once by several comments that passed between them. Because I assumed each to be basically a top man, I was curious to know which had succumbed to the pressure of sexual lust and submitted himself to the other. For this reason, among others, our coming exchange was tinged with intriguing expectation.

When we finally left the *Bierstube*, all three of us were feeling no pain. We had bought another half dozen bottles, which Edgar carried in a webwork bag on the walk to Kurt's loft. Just his doing this, his acting as "porter," gave me the first clue. Until this point I had been apprehensive that both men were going to assume I was the logical M.

Seated on the cushions before a roaring fire, the impending scene began to shape itself. Edgar served us drinks and asked Kurt's permission to roll a joint for us to share. "Genuine Tiajuana blue grass," he remarked, "getting near the end of my supply." He knelt beside the hearth, carefully wrapping the paper around the greenish "makings." As he lighted the cigarette from a splinter of wood, I could see that his hands were a little shaky. As soon as the ash was glowing at the tip, I

he sucked it deeply and handed the cylinder to Kurt who took a drag and passed it to me.

As I felt the delicious clouds begin to penetrate my senses, I leaned back and held the cigarette out to whomsoever wished to take it. My eyes were closed, my body yielding the pleasant, floating sensation to take possession of it. "Who plays what?" I asked at length.

My eyes were still closed but when neither of my companions made an immediate answer I raised my head and looked about. Kurt was stretched out beside me, resting comfortably on the cushions. His subsection was raised, supported by a double thickness of pillow. His long powerful legs were wide spread, both feet extended toward the fire. Edgar had stripped to the waist and was kneeling between us watching me closely as if trying to decide on his next move. I could see his interested gaze flick several times across my groin, where desire curled in impatient warmth, restricted by the pair of jockey shorts I had put on for the benefit of our intruder. I let my head sink back against the cushions, closed my eyes again and waited. "If you want it," I said finally, "take it."

I felt his hand moving against the cloth, tingles of neural response emphasizing the lightness of his touch. His wide, thick palms caressed the insides of my thighs, blocked the harsh, dry heat from the fire and replaced it with a softer, more penetrating warmth. The realization that I was about to make it with a guy I'd been grooving on for days seemed to crystallize my desires . . . to heighten the responsiveness of my body. His cloying contact called forth a quivering expectation, urging me to reach out and grasp him, to hurry him through these tantalizing preliminary phases. But the suspense added its own elements, increased the sensual pleasure. I twisted my shoulders and upper body, allowed my feet to slide further apart.

Edgar's hand had cupped about my crotch, kneading the softer under portion, pressing down with the heel to excite the sparks of lust along the enclosed, encumbered arch of cock. He worked a button loose, then another, and his long, fingers stole into it. His intricate penmanship, as it were, as he deftly unbuckled my belt, cast the flaps of cloth aside and dropped his mouth full about the entire mass. I moaned and rolled my head from side to side, allowing my hands to remain against my hips and not to interfere with the stroking motion of his fingers or the grasping pull of his lips.

Without my consciously directing a portion of my thoughts had drifted back to a consideration of the accident and of Edgar's words at the time. In this semi-delirium I had seemed so sure that Kurt had pushed him . . . but later . . . no further comment . . . nothing, except the barest suggestion of anxiety . . . wanted me present this evening . . . no solo contacts with Kurt . . . never with him unless someone else is around.

He'd stretched the waistband of my shorts downward, slipping it under my balls so the elastic shoved out of the sheltering enclosure . . . cock rising at an angle above my belly as Edgar's lips engulfed the sac, sucked the orbs inside, held them with a determined strength that threatened to exceed the bounds of endurance. The possession excited me further, but it also made me tense and flex, ready at any moment to seize his head and make him stop. As I held myself in place I was vaguely aware that Kurt had moved. He hadn't touched me, however, and I was too intensely involved with Edgar to pay attention. I felt the pressure lessen about my nuts; the lips parted and relaxed them, coming down from a slightly different vector to fasten wetly, warmly about my cockhead. At the same time, I became aware of his repositioning himself, of shifting weight until he pressed down to rest his shoulders against my hips. His forehead shoved into my gut as if he were striving to keep his balance.

I sensed a shadow across my eyelids and looked up. Kurt's naked form crouched behind Edgar. He was drawing the bigger man's hands together and binding them with a long strip of rawhide. When he noticed my eyes were open he nodded at me. "You will assist?" he asked. As he had done with me on the previous evening, Kurt permitted the heavy guttural to color his accent, and even without the Nazi trap-

pings it had the same singular effect on me

I returned his nod, only slightly surprised that Edgar was so willingly assuming the role of bottom man I had suspected his inclination, but had not been sure until this moment. *Perfectly logical . . . fits with all the rest. Edgar . . . M . . . didn't want to be alone with Kurt . . . heavy M?* I wondered if they'd really assumed these relative positions before, and if so whether Kurt had given his subject as harsh a working-over as he had me. My ass and back were still sore from the last evening, and there were several places where the belt had actually cut my skin.

Kurt finished binding Edgar's hands. He reached down and grasped the base of the base of the neck, but he was back and forced his lips to slide free of my cock. As Edgar came back onto his knees, Kurt stood up, allowing the half-hardened arch of his sex to graze the back of the kneeling figure. He stood between my M and the kneeling figure, looking down over both Edgar and myself. He tangled his fingers in his subject's hair, forced the head back, whispering something about his being a slave.

Edgar was wearing just his jeans and lace-up boots. With his hands roped together behind him, the hard rounds of his pectorals were drawn taut, compressed to give the impression of a giant, bound and subdued, resigned to whatever usage his captors might determine. The short remainder of roach was lying in a dish a few inches from my left hand. I took it and grew like a child again, sucking the roach into my mouth. I felt another set of misty fingers curl through the convolutions of my brain. When I rose to my knees in front of the prisoner I seemed to float in slow motion, weightless, through a liquid atmosphere. It was a lighter intoxication than I had experienced before, less physically debilitating, more conducive to the role I now assumed. I would play second S to Kurt.

Just right for me . . . perfect combination of circumstances . . . just right . . . just right . . . My fingers closed about the tips of Edgar's nipples, twisting and squeezing them, forcing him to wince and squirm, to sigh and gasp at the blend of pain and pleasure, a tangled continuum where not-enough became too-much and the irregular pattern of my motions made them impossible to anticipate.

I looked across at Kurt, squatting behind Edgar and still forcing the captive's head to tilt backward. After a moment he stood and straddled the forehead, teased the grasping lips by allowing his sac to swing back and forth across them. Kurt noticed my glance and muttered, "Strip him," inclining his head toward the prisoner. I reached for the buckle and released its tension. Kurt paused in his side-to-side motion, allowed his balls to hang just above Edgar's lips. They hovered a moment, then dropped as Edgar's whispered pleas seemed to draw them in. I opened the jeans and untied the longhorns, shoved all of it over the solid flanks, bared Edgar's body to the knees. Kurt owed me another few seconds before he eased himself free and stepped aside. I had dropped back on my haunches, watching the interplay, the merging and separation of two powerful, sexual animals . . . one in total dominance over the other.

As Kurt moved away and the light from the fire fell across us the compressed strength of Edgar's body made me think of the portrait again . . . a quick, fleeting impression before reality intruded upon budding fantasy. Kurt had taken hold of Edgar's chin, reached down with his other hand and grasped the base of his cock and balls. He forced the captive to stand, turned toward him so both men stood in profile to the dancing flames. "Finish your task," he told me.

I worked the boots and heavy socks, the jeans and underwear off our subject's feet . . . cast them aside and remained on my knees while I discarded the rest of my own coverings. It was probably as much the result of smoking the grass as it was from anything else, but I suddenly found myself enthralled with a bubbling pleasure, almost hypnotized by the beauty of form and symmetry, the contrast of power subdued, massive body bound and standing with head bowed before the lithe, slender form of his master. A . . . in sympathetic echo of bowing posture, Edgar's cock curved out and down from his groin, heavy crown drooping to acknowledge its submission while Kurt's shaft stood proudly erect, proclaiming its ascendancy over the manhood of his slave.

dancy over the manhood of his slave.

Edgar had rolled a second cigarette before Kurt bound him, and the senior S now ordered me to light it. I took a drag and handed it to him. He placed it first to Edgar's lips and then his own, passing it back to me before he exhaled the smoke. He pointed to a coil of rawhide and told me to pick it up, standing close to Edgar as he slowly unrolled it. He made an intricate pattern around, over, between the captive's genitals, tied them so the balls were separated and distended, forced downward in the sac with the skin stretched taut and gleaming about the imprisoned orbs. All the while, I noted, the long thick cord remained in its state of obeisance, falling from side to side as Kurt's fingers moved to wrap the leather thong about its base, otherwise ignoring it as he made the final knot.

Kurt had left a good three feet of excess cord, which he now took up and used to lead his prisoner toward the unfinished portion of wall where he had secured me. He ordered Edgar to stand with his back to the upright, passed the end of rawhide between his legs and through a small steel ring which had been set into the wood at about the level of the other's buttocks. Kurt then anchored the cord to a second eyelet and stood back to survey his handiwork. I caught myself trying to imagine the sensations the captive must have felt, but the pleasure was subtly different from my own experience. It was obviously vacacious, just slightly out of register. I checked myself and tried to remember my thoughts. *pass . . . taking me see it differently . . . more clearly?* I wanted to merge with Kurt, I realized suddenly, wanted to stand in *his* stead, not in Edgar's. I wanted to work on the captive and tease his sensibilities . . . to lead him on, yet deny him the ultimate fulfillment, to watch his body writhe and twist in response to my commands and to the punishments I'd administer. I started to approach him, but Kurt waved me off.

I was disappointed, maybe a little offended that Kurt was so oblivious to my desires . . . *didn't worry about it much last time, either . . . didn't give me any chance to say how far I'd want to go . . .* I watched as Kurt began setting clips, first onto Edgar's nipples, later onto several spots along the front of his body. He was using small, hard-sprung devices like the fasteners on the end of a dog leash. He held several in the palm of his hand, gathered the prisoner's skin between his fingers and set them with a hard, snapping determination. Each time he did this, the bigger man groaned and gritted his teeth, tipped his head back and snarled harder against the wall. Every muscle tightened as he strove to hold back a greater outcry, twisting in helpless acceptance of the exquisite torture. But Kurt never hesitated, even when his M's responses suggested he'd overstepped the limits. Edgar was sweating now, despite the chill in this portion of the room. His eyes were closed and his breath was coming in hoarse, rattling gasps. He was forcing himself not to cry out, but his cock had grown soft . . . tumescence finally giving way as the shaft contracted into itself, shriveled and seemed to shrink.

I was on the verge of speaking out when Edgar finally broke his stoic silence. "Oh . . . please, man . . . easy . . . please!" His lips had hardly moved; it was still as if he were trying to stifle his protest, and the words had risen on their own from the depths of his gut.

I placed my restraining hand on Kurt's arm, but he ignored me until I took hold and pulled back harder. When he turned, I could see his eyes were glassy, the pupils so large, my eyes seemed to blacken the area that should have been blue. *Spaced out . . . like he must have been with me . . . more than gross . . . dangerous . . . "Easy baby!"* I whispered.

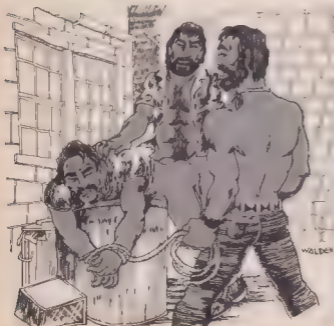
For a moment he stared at me, coldly, a suggestion of anger just below the surface of response. I held his gaze, rose slightly on my toes and kissed him. Again he paused, uncertain, finally, his lips responded. His arms slid about me and his tongue darted into my mouth. We clung together for a minute, maybe more, before Kurt eased free and took a single backward step. He glanced at the tightly restricted captive, back at me. It was a moment of decision for him, but the cognitive functions of his brain were too clouded for quick reaction. Slowly he extended his hand and dropped the remaining clips into my palm.

(Continued Next Issue)

DRUMSTICKS



With all due respect sir, Do you think I like it or not?



"i'm glad you find him to your liking. But I should tell you that your applicants didn't show. I had to grab the meter-reader"



"So let the wenches laugh"

DADDY WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO Goodlooking an looking for a daddy to use me as daddy a toy I am in Drummer No 42 page 24 as Drummer's Daddies Boy Write w picture to Box 1502

SAN JOSE 54 5'2" 110 lbs uncult 8" Virgo B and hair blue eyes i like the smell and feel of leather on my body Not the brutal besting of S&M No drink ng or smoking Must wear leather heels and boots Write Box A82

SAN FRANCISCO Heavily tattooed on beard & Moustache. Lat West-ern oriented W/M 30 5'7" 140 lbs firm 7" cut Looking for mellow Macho studs 30 plus to ease him into S&M Nothing heavy Letter with picture detailing what you'd require appreciated. 31R Box 1581

THREEWAYS GROUP SEX

SAN FRANCISCO Obed-ant slave and his hunky Master looking for hot wet leather studs into threeways and group sex Well-equipped toy chest No heavy drugs Your photo gets Box 578

SF BLACK LEATHER BOOTS

Masculine M/Wm 34 5'11" 185 lbs dressed in ful leather oots and heels good if you are slender w/under 34, use good music, a firm hand, a hard cock have a job, then gal on your lucking knees and write Don't expect a long reply from me I want to meet you instead Absolutely no tats, meds, stupids or hard drugs Box 854

Whipping Sessions wanted with sailor/uniform men Have experience both as bound cockslucking slave and as booted heavy chick however I am uncut thick cock for heavy sucking Age 35, 175 lbs 6 bearded Box 841

LATRINE UNO

SAN FRANCISCO — bottom 36 6'3", 185 lbs 8" uncult, looking for white beer-gut, leather master for toilet in a salon use as a latrine piss-soaked chicks sucked dry also into lexis and leather bondage shaving recycled beer from cheesy uncult cocks Box 562

HGS WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO — Two hot pig farmers both M 40, 5'11" 155 lbs 6" cut Heavy toys FFA WS enemies. I'm sex eating and other games. Photo gets photo in Troy, Box 31701 SF CA 94131 No scat

EXTRA HUNG

SF & that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you've ever been told "It's too big," and you know that it IS a whopper, if you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me I'm 29, 5'11" 180 lbs ex-porno actor hunky giddy hois (as inable appetite) And you're a young, puny hung horny dude into fuck ng a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic 1" for real man Box 100

SAN FRANCISCO Particular Master 32 seeks 19-22 year old w/sex & care foot type for bottom role in light S&M sex Traveling companion into outdoors activities posse Box 5 role topped 3rd parties with masterly supervisory Box 759

HOW DO YOU SPEEL HOT?
D R U M B E A T S

KINKY FILTHY HOT

31, 5'7" 130 lbs firm looking for hot totally uninhibited guys who to enjoy mutually play Am mostly Master but can switch in w/ right partner or play both simultaneously into S&M S&M W/ 5" scat leather vest and under lexis and jock straps, outdoor scenes exhibitionist Active FF to give, receive or both Spankers whippings, boots, some rubbers Ready to explore any other experiences Box 162

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, 41 5'9" 140 lbs experienced in bondage FF WS boots, S&M Respectful in ladies, willing to experiment Fully equipped game room Box 239

Super-hot goodlooking hung, young stud seeks three 4s slude for the longest in top position Travel to SF NYC and Chicago often I am a master who is into other masters Men who can handle competition are welcome 26, 6' 165 lbs, dark blonde, moustache 8" cut For the hottest try the hottest Box 874

ARIZONA STUD TRAVELS for hot scenes 6 blk/birn bearded crew-cut hung w/m 30s 165 lbs Seek topmaster to meter out heavy bizarre punishment meadomy and other C/B/T as well as other semi-ultimate trips including deep FF and the rest of your individual desires. The best practical one will eventually get it all Reply with phone photo to Boxholder P O Box 26042 Phoenix AZ 85008

Selective Sadist requires muscular masochist Object mutual satisfaction Me W/m 36, 6'1, 180 lbs S uncult inventive W/ ready for new adventures Photo please Box 817

OROVILLE 34 6' 180 lbs brown-brown looking for master who loves leather as I do feel small taste right - i need humiliation WS hot/fo feel small of warm hot leather scat and piss I need the right man WR Fidel R 2 Box 2496 Oroville CA 95963

CHAIN ME UP

For the weekend! Don't let me see your face Shave my head before you hood me Cover my shaved bearded head with piss & hot wax Give me nothing to eat but piss & cum, maybe even my own I need imaginative Master who respects my limits San Francisco 44 6' 170 lbs w in Box 640

SF BAY AREA 27, white blond/bred nose to leather scene like to watch the action Let me watch you make it work, make me a convert Box A47

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER to work you over Heavy bearded crew-cut erotic playster into total oral anal play Solid 210 lb ex-coach expects obedience digs worship 6" cut black eyes 5'10" 180 lbs 52 years male porno addict No Enjoy men of all ages Willing to train novice Respects mts but am firm Push as far as partner's experience permits For inspection and interview, reply with frank letter and recent photo Box 433

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 5'5 1/2", 140 lbs 40 new to leather world, head w/m 25-40 to show me the way Must respect limits, no scat shaving or piercing Box 783

RASSLIN FIGHTIN

Fightin' Topman, 28, strong very hairy and MEAN thinks S F tops are cockless vamps afraid to put their asses on the line in an all-out fight If you think you're man enough to prove me wrong, let's tangle No-holds-barred brawl to a definitive submission winning after, i've whipped your worthless yellow ass I'll stuff it with my cock and/or fat Send challenges, photos to Box 816A

I want a hot no-holds barred roughness time with someone who can be my Master and live up to it! Am bored with "green horns" Hope the right hunk will contact me Prefer Macho Blacks or Latinos Box B13

BLACK MAN

40, 5'7" 125 lbs looking for man 21-70 to train in my specifications Should be 5'5" to 120 to 180 lbs into kink & rough & capable of blind obedience Body should be in good shape age race & endowment unimportant Uncut with big feet have preference Requires recent photo with legit detailing your capabilities Box 809

Experienced San Francisco slave who is 24 5'8" 165 lbs seeks sex with leather Master for training in bondage and bootlicking water sports and whipping Box 894

SAN FRANCISCO Muscular big dick built daddy seeks mate for hot times Must also have hot receptive rear (FFA questionable) must like spanking - i have on-edge bondage dreads piss up your butt and a nice rice asshole for eating I'm 33 5'9" 145 lbs well-endowed and uncult hairy hunky intelligent nice man I also like to kiss & cuddle Do you? See issue no 35 Tough Customers Buy Area Daddy Send photo and frank letter will get prompt reply Kent Box 5171 SF CA 94101

SAN FRANCISCO W/m 32 slim, in beard 6'2" 180 lbs M but can be versatile into scene willing to learn into dudes who take care of their bodies enjoy light S&M B&D some WS, 3-ways, and have lots of fantasies Not into FF scat heavy penis Box 8

SF LEATHERMASTER

38 6'3" 165 lbs 6" uncult back hair moustache wants slave w/ beard or moustache who does a good blow job rimming and licking rectum & balls for life of obedience and servitude into B&D TT, CBT MD (mad doctors) witchcraft leather and rubber FF optional No scat or WS Live-in a possibility for work, make me a convert Box 52 i'm fems odds Send pic to Box A44

LIKE LEATHER!

I also like heels boots and 7 I am 5'8" well-built male Asian An emperor does not expect to repeat an order neither do I If you are a guy interested in the S&M scene and like leather too let's get together Send a recent picture of yourself and a small introduction Box A51

NEW IN SAN FRANCISCO

YOUNGISH DAD Smart cigar man looking for "son" trim cut, ass whipped, obedient, fucked, if good invited to breakfast Box 1463

GERONTOPHILES

El et al. 40+ very 50s, articulate tongue, kind but ruthless, even if I have knowledge of a hypnosis and sex Send photo No tats or hardcore drugs Can you rise to the occasion? Box A52

ARROGANT

Smelly about 40, 32, 5'11" 155 lbs (beard) and his personal slave-dog (W, 32, 5'9" 180 lbs beard) invite meetings and correspondence with pigs, struts Tops, bottoms, vixens, and rubbers, even if I adventure animals to explore a extreme Box A15

MASCULINE S WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO LIBERAL M 50 W 5'8" 185 lbs needs Master into leather Boots & hot Heavy into bondage C&B Torture, Shaving Piercing Whipping seeks mascul ne S who knows what he wants and does it Photo gets mine, 31R Box 1357

ANY SERIOUS DISCIPLINE OF SATAN WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO Any serious discipline of Satan wanted by aviminded w/m Master 48 6'10", 175 lbs 6" fat Big-headed cut for ritual work no cut of other needs however uncut/uncut Bernad Box 4373 San Francisco CA 94101

STRANGE MEAT

SAN FRANCISCO GWM 30 5'10", 155 lbs 6" Seeks Black Leather-tough hairy dark built bawdy driven hardy laughter, but stratch handy porno built built built for rough fun Photo required for response Single men in San Francisco Box 1487

FULL TIME HOUSE/HARD SLAVE

No photo phones State your name telephone number age, height and weight and don't forget to Tell me what you think you are good for and why anyone should be interested in training you I'll ask the rest of the questions while you keep your hands away from your crotch and use them for a full-time dedicated houseboy Benefits are hard work and discipline room/board and ownership You will have to shape up be exhibited used and trained including shaving, piercing and regular punishment In a very short time you should be qualified to serve any master who knows what he's doing Call John at (415) 866-387

HEAVILY SADISTIC

GEORNEVILLE Applicant on for full-time five-in slave now being accepted I am a 30 year old independent contractor 5B Dominant nature and very sadistic You are 18-30 submissive honest, not afraid of hard work long hours, and heavy pain when deserved You tow the line and I'll treat you right screw up and I'll punish you accordingly You must be into heavy genital pain on a regular basis Mail your Photo, list of experience, and sincere request to Box 4320 Old Cazadero Road CA 94025

ABSOLUTE TOP

SAN FRANCISCO W/m 31 6'1" Absolute top, demands genuine motiveive e Ch P for obedience servitude and respect You produce and I'll provide Only if I believe need respond Send photo and brief profile Write Box 713

GET THE JOB DONE

NOVICE

SAN FRANCISCO 27 needs help learn the joys of S&M pleasure. Am 5'10" very hairy husky build, 6" cut. Novice. Want 25-35 experienced, 5'10" or over, caring patient Teacher. Prefer Blond. Brown eyes. team Box 1289

SAN JOSE Looking for Leather Master into B&D and some light S&M. I'm 30 6'11" 160 lbs. Ok Br eyes & wader. I build my hair, items, studs or hard drugs. Box 886

MAN EATING SLAVE

SAN FRANCISCO Hot w/m 24 Will worship your Ass, Cock, Balls, Boobs, Nipples and Arm Pits with my HOT MOUTH. Also dig B&D. W/S Green. Passive. Photo appreciated. Grog Box 1501

BULLDOCK

ST. LOUIS Hot top interested in making contacts with other hot men into heavy body contact wrestling. body building with plenty of sweat and pass exchanged. I'm 5'11", 180 lbs. 6" cut. Fr. a/s. Gt. active into leather/leash scene with real man. Mutual respect is a must. No copers, drunks, wimps or members of the Cht. Set and above. I'm no scot and plan to move to San Francisco in Spring of '81. Box 1362

MUSCLE BUILDER

SAN FRANCISCO Hard-ass SM hunk 28 6'4" 220 lbs. 6" cut. Solid experience in S&M. I'm a former and I'm expansion interests include weightlifting, Leather, Leathers, Uniforms, boots, whips, part. art. my in heavy S&M J/O. Jocks riding and a fuckin' face. Seeks to earn attention and service with 9—local (S.F.) or worldwide. My's earn right to serve. Box 1536

BOOTS

THE TALLER THE BETTER
BAN FRANCISCO This hunky back-ather motorcycle riding stud looking for guys who think they're good enough to serve my boots and balls. Have it's irrefragable desire for boots and the man that wears them. Just call 415-431-4755. I'll show you how to get it. I'll be glad to look honest if you're man enough and serious enough to get down with my boots or make me get down with yours, drop me a line. Box 1504

MASTER JOHN

SAN FRANCISCO Tall 6'4" handsome aggressive soft spoken Man with San Francisco's most complete workshop. Looking for Master 3, 30s into L&M action. Must be a "skin" into giving and anxious to serve a reasonable but demanding top man. For interview send description and phone number. Box 1403

YOUNG SLAVES WANTED

OAKLAND Young slaves desired supervised by handsome Master 464. Live Park Ave. No 36 Oakland. CA 94610

SAN LUIS OBISPO AREA

Leo Bond 26 (look 21) 5'8", 125 lbs. Br/brown, 6" cut. Big balls. Needs to be bound in Leather/Ropes into B&D. Light S&M C&B/T. I'm tops, getting fucked. No heavy drugs. Soft Fl. Plac. no injury. Rure. setting a plus. Box 142

HOT SAN FRANCISCO LEATHERMASTER

32 6' 165 lbs., will train slaves! in complete subservience. Will guide night slave from bootlicking to shaving, to whipping to piercing to branding. Be prepared to give yourself without thought. Box 1455

BALL BUDDIES

SAN FRANCISCO W/m 37' 160 lbs. Bald, trim, Light Brown, Beard. Blond mustache. Heavy into Ball Play weights. hitting stepping squeezing vice Ball presses etc. Tri work. Top and bottom. interested in same. Box 1514

VOLUNTEER BOTTOMS TO SERVE S.F. CLUB

Part-time weekend help for San Francisco's hottest club. Heavy on disciplined dedicated bottoms for pool cleaning, towel and locker service, shoe shining and general policing the grounds. Good bottoms, willing to work in uniform. Call Mr. Franklin at (415) 431-4755. No chawer. call John at (415) 864-3877. Be humble.

SLAVES AND POTENTIAL SLAVES

SAN FRANCISCO Are you ready for complete servitude as a way of life and not just a game. (Experience not necessary). I am a retired army NCO ready to take complete control of your life with Bondage, Discipline. Day's spankings & Humiliation. I am not into Fiat Fucking. Soft. Heavy S&M or Drugs. Box 1505

DEDICATED BOTTOMS OPPORTUNITY

You are over twenty-one and have a strong desire to discipline yourself. You need to be devoted to someone and have your decisions made for you. You long for a Spartan existence with forced diet, no smoking, physical workouts, hard work and strong discipline while you are wearing only your new hardened, tanned birthday suit plus a few metal and leather ornaments. Military discipline, haircut and shave to please you. Your main purpose: finding out the use for which you were created. You do not have to be advanced... just dedicated. Send a couple of bucks for a detailed description and a more intimate look to THE LEATHER FRATERNITY, 15 Harriet St. San Francisco, CA 94103. Applicable towards membership on acceptance.

SKANDINAVIAN KINK

SAN FRANCISCO DOMINANT Kinky artist looking for bottom. catron 26 6'15 lbs. Blue. Muscular. Masculine. No Beef Factor. In the Brotherhood helps help Chest 42. We sit 30. Have blond hair blue eyes, chiseled features, large nipples. Very goodlooking man into Barber. Sex Box 1528

VERY GOODLOOKING

WEIGHT LIFTER
SAN FRANCISCO W/m 30, 6'11" 42" chest, 300" waist, 7" Very goodlooking. Muscular. Jogger. Weightlifter. build. Needs pres. shirt, spit, VA. C/B/T. torture from other goodlooking bodybuilders. No Right. No Fats, leids, phorias. average looks/balls—don't I waste my time. Box 1534

GET WHAT YOU WANT DRUMMAST'S

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ALL SCENES

HOLLYWOOD 30, 5'11", 150 lbs. W/m attractive pierced horny needs sex into all scenes FFA W/S J/O/D. No Bondage. Should be between 28-40. Photo a must. Box 1542

TITS AND ASS

LOS ANGELES 40s, stocky hairy body shaved head wants burn warmers and warmers for long reciprocal spanking, tit-punching arenas, and move. Prater mature clean non smokers who'd rather do it than talk about it. want to expand limits for both of us. Box 709

BARE YOURSELF BEFORE CAMERA

PALM SPRINGS Photographer seeks unbranded W/M cut model for photography only. To bare yourself before my camera, you must have a boyish face, muscular body and be able to follow ORDERS. Photo a must. Box 1658

S&M GYM

SAN FRANCISCO Private B&D Searcase workshop at local gym for serious coaches & trainers who can give and take it. Call Todd for details (213) 663-4277

WANTED

IN NAKED BONDAGE
LOS ANGELES Young slim sexy-looking Man-Boy man-boy will be a dark-nude Latino, lean-haired blond or other masculine, obedient, clean young trim, white guy wanting to be tied up, stripped down and sexually dominated by a built-fucking masculine trim goodlooking 40-year-old white stud. No F drugs. No punishment unless you need it to turn you on. Just you—the ropes binding you and my bad. Don't respond to this ad. Masculine Man-Boy unless you really want to be bound and naked, kept that way touched head fondled caressed played with, loved and gotten off. And then fucked. Bound and gagged. Man-Boy will have no choice but to surrender up his boyish ass or manly butt for fucking by a 7 inch hot cock shoved deep in his twitching asshole. Man-Boy will serve, be cared for, and be fucked in my sex-captive slave-boy younger brother or dutiful son. Eager. Young light assed beginner welcome and preferred. But be warned, you will be fucked my way. Send your four Los Angeles phone number. Man-Boy a recent photo and description, and humble letter. Box 1669

SWITCH HITTING PIG BITCH

LOS ANGELES AREA Big guy W/m 40, 190 lbs., smooth skin, good tits, wears heels, hose, garter belt, panties. Bra for face sitting. Hit/pulling studs. Wearing crutch-smelling shorts, kick straps, boots, hoods etc. Like to hear from guys who act and talk like men but enjoy getting whipped by an ass eating bitch. Muscles not a must just one good one is needed. Like hairy guys. Same age and weight. I live in a area other New York in October. Box 1663

BIG ASS WANTED

GLENDALE Chunky husky guys any age, race wanted by muscular horny 180 lbs 5'11" Black cut stud 9" Photo gets mine. Will reply to all. Box 1674

SLAVE WANTED

NORTH HOLLYWOOD—LOS ANGELES Master 32 5'10", 152 lbs. Br/Br. In fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-26 into No Beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice ass/arms. I'm a S&M gear Slave must dig bondage. Ver. abt abuse must heavy hit work. My tit especially. Must dig raunchy games but will respect slaves limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fatts or phorias. However I am Greek passive also digging hot ass & ass both ways. If the fit fits call Tony at (213) 585-7201 or write me at P.O. Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

SVLMAR Construct on Workers out door wearing, oil W/S, chaps & hanging a plus, photograph both 30's Sauge. CA & Oregon We Travel. Box 1647

BLACK DADDY WANTED

NORTH HOLLYWOOD B&D Daddy needed by goodlooking W/m 32. Wants to worship your dick and your ass and wear your leather. P.O. Box 2451 Hollywood, CA 90028

SLAVE WANTED

LONG BEACH young well-built clean ten slave or would be slave. Will train in the finer qualities of life and teach the attributes of being a good slave. Must be intelligent and totally submissive to one person. Live in commitment for life only. App 213-437-4626 MASTER BOB is waiting for your call.

WANTED IN SAN DIEGO

SAN DIEGO Young male 22 will warm your bare bottom with hand, paddle, leather. Prater masculine man, hairy chest if you are man enough. So take your lesson. Write letter with photo & phone to Box 1641

LEATHER UNIFORMS AND BONDAGE

VAN NUYS Looking for Leather Master to bind me with leather ropes and affection. I'm S&M. Your photo w/it get mine. P.O. Box 5375 Van Nuys Blvd. Van Nuys, CA 91401
LOS ANGELES M. good looking 25 5'11" 147 lbs. enjoys giving pleasure being totally dominated by intelligent strong young topman familiar with positive character form a de of leather. Don't waste time unless you are able to gain control and keep it. I'll return receive my respect. devotion here worship and full rights to my body. Box 1722

TWO LEATHER MASTERS

VENICE AREA 2 W/m's, 31 5'11" 165 lbs. 30 5'11" 125 lbs. Blond/BW. Looking for W/m slaves to serve limits respected novices welcome. Must be 18-35 into B&D. S&M, whipping, W/S. Send photo and Description. Box 1594

BIG HUSKY ASSES

LOS ANGELES 3' 160 lbs. Muscular nature guy with hairy butt and a cum at over it. Firm and heavy ass a plus. Pump my ass, look if it's your top w/it to 6-5, 6520 Salme, Los Angeles, CA 90028

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Slippery Dick. Novice Cut. Uncut. Not used. Ask. Proper request to Sir, Box 1103, Los Angeles, CA 90008

A DRUMBEAT AD GETS FAST RESULTS

**32 PAGE
SUPPLEMENT**

DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

SOURCES

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY REX
COURTESY OF
A TASTE OF LEATHER



**DRUMMER'S NEW GUIDE:
WHAT'S NEW, WHO'S GOT IT, WHERE TO GET IT!**



**"NONE OF THE SLAVES WILL
BE DAMAGED, BUT EACH
WILL BE WELL USED IN THIS
DEMONSTRATION OF S&M,
BONDAGE AND RESTRAINT"**

"Gentlemen, welcome to our first course on the techniques of imaginative S&M devices. The applications are as varied as are the appliances themselves. I am sure that you are well acquainted with many of them, some of you may not be and you might find that there are varieties and uses that you may not have tried. Whatever the case, I am sure that you will find this to be a very informative and interesting evening.

"I appreciate the use of your slaves and assure you that in demonstrating the possible uses of these items, your property will be highly respected. We will permit no marks, nor abuse of that property, merely illustrate the application of this collection. Your preference and practice will vary. We are interested tonight only in basics.

"My assistants will bring in the first subject. I understand he has belonged to his master for several years. We have chosen this young man for these items since his master enjoys bondage and he is used to

TRAINING AIDS

being constantly restrained. At the moment, his restraints have been removed to show you some other versions which limit movement. We'll start at the bottom, so to speak, with his ankles. First, my assistant will fit him with

ANKLE RESTRAINTS

which, in this case, are leather straps with buckles which attach around the ankles. They can be used simply to bind the feet together or to bind the legs to other parts of the body or to other objects, holding the person in a specific position. Ropes or chains can be attached to the 'D' rings built into most ankle restraints to aid suspending a person by his feet.

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"Try to move, boy. Very good, almost impossible, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, Sir."



"Now let's try

ANKLE SHACKLES

These have been popular in prisons and other places of captivity for hundreds of years. They are made of heavy steel and held around the ankle by bolt, lock or permanent welding. The shackles around each ankle are frequently held together by a steel bar or heavy chain. They limit a prisoner's ability to move, keep your man from wandering off too far. Another favorite from history is the ever-popular

BALL AND CHAIN

These were used to restrict slaves and prisoners, they were attached to the ankle to slow or restrict movement. If the metal ball is heavy enough, it can keep the man from going anywhere altogether. Pick up the ball, mister, and let's see how fast you can move. That's right, walk back and forth. In old time chain-gangs camps, authorities claimed that the men were married to their ball and chain for the length of time they spent there, never being separated. Of course, there are also

HOBBLES

which are two iron shackles connected together by heavy chain, used on prisoners in chain gangs, who lived in them. The short length of chain connecting the shackles considerably curtail the wearer's movement. In fact, about all he can do is hobble. They are handy, but very uncomfortable for upside down suspension; however, they are handy for attaching the subject to other equipment. On the same principle is the

LEG SPREADER

A special feature of the leg spreader is that the steel bar telescopes to stretch the legs to the desired spread. It can be locked in place. It can be attached to the ankles or just below the knees, held in place by the knee joint and the calf. This buck has heavy calves, so

attach it to him there. Step down, boy, and walk among your superiors so they can see how you move with this spreader on you. That's right. Stand still there, the gentleman wants to examine your crotch. Big ball sac, eh, Sam? Turn him around, will you? Now bend him around, will you? As you can see, gentlemen, his hard round ass is available to anyone who wants to partake of it. But we can make it more readily available by using an

ASS SPREADER



which is inserted into the subject's rectum and the handle squeezed to spread the ass wider...and wider. Once the desired opening is achieved, the device can be locked open. Perfectly uncomfortable to the asshole on its own, it is also excellent as preparation for deeper ass play. Okay, Sam, if you'll remove the spreader and turn him around again, we'll demonstrate how to fill the other end with a

BALL GAG

There are two distinct versions of the ball gag—each quite different from the other in appearance and in the job they do. This one, the original version, is a hard rubber ball about 2½ inches in diameter with a leather strap which ties behind the head, as Sam is doing. As you can see, the ball fits between the tongue and the teeth so that the lips and teeth are exposed to whatever use they can be put. The ball gag also refrains the wearer from speaking out of turn. This gag prevents the wearer from accidentally biting his tongue, should he be severely dick-whipped against the side of his face. The more contemporary version, which Sam is holding up for you, is an all-leather adaptation. Attached to the leather strap, which fits around the head, is a 2-inch mouth piece which fits into the mouth the same

was as the first one. Because the leather strap covers the mouth completely, this version insures absolute silence.

"Now, Sam, if you'll attach the

BALL PRESS



our package will be complete. Made of heavy-duty stainless steel, the slaves' balls are placed on the bottom plate and the top plate is lowered via a ring screw. The plates are grooved so that the balls will not slip out. This device is a rather impressive way to bring pressure to bear.

"How does that feel? Can't say? Of course you can't!

"Well, we're not finished with those balls yet. Here, gentlemen, is a rather small ball weight, only one half pound. Ball weights comes in a wide range of sizes and shapes, but I think you'll agree that this leather-covered lead weight looks impressive hanging from the ball press. After a little practice, you can get your slave to wear more and more weight. I've even been introduced to a master who has a slave with balls hanging six inches lower than the head of his cock, which itself hangs pretty low.



There are many schools of thought on lubricants. Even more than there are products available, since you have to include spit and cum. Vaseline has been with us since the dawn of time, along with baby oil, a refined, scented version of light petroleum oil—which is cheaper. There are hand lotions, which we don't recommend here since they are absorbed by the skin too fast.

However, on that great Discovery Day, some enterprising young man (undoubtedly gay) discovered a new use for Crisco besides making cookies and frying chicken. It was slick, stayed slick, could be absorbed by the body (unlike petroleum products), and was relatively inexpensive. You got a lot for a little.

Then along came the Lube boys who re-formulated the vegetable shortening formula, and with food-quality ingredients, came up with a more improved product than Proctor and Gamble's, which has a tendency to turn rancid and has a Crisco odor. Lube was an instant success and when someone moves that much shortening, along comes other versions.

Fist fucking came into its own, in addition to foot fucking, double-cock fucking, dildoes, cucumbers, flashlights and butt plugs, all of which went better with lubricant. Even common garden variety jacking-off can be improved with a little dash of something slick.

My first introduction to the lure of lubricants was in school, when the upperclassmen (bullies, all) would grab us in the can, put their rude hands in our jockey shorts, along with a little vaseline, and jerk off our peckers right in our pants, leaving us to go to the next class with cum running down our legs. What fun, those carefree youthful days!

Next time you reach for the greasy kid stuff, think of all the research and testing that went into finding new uses for some fine old favorites. A little dab'll do ya and can make the whole session smoother, more painless, and with the addition of anti-bacterial agents in the new Lube products, a bit more hygienic.

However, there are still the die-hards that insist on motor oil and that old standby on the garage floor, axle grease. "Any old port in a storm" has never been truer, when you are berthing it with Pennzoil.





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Vibrating dildo with foreskin
8" x 1 1/2" \$12.00

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Bomb & Balls, 13" x 1 1/4" \$10.00

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Slip it on, 9" x 2" \$5.50

D. Large Butt Plug

Hold it \$8.95

E. Aluminum Shower Douche Hose

Clean Out \$39.95

F. Mr. Fred

Neighborhood dildo, 8 1/2" x 1 1/4" \$12.00

G. Medium Butt Plug

In Training \$6.95

H. Cleansing Enema Set

Boxed \$6.95

Man-O-War Dildo

Yes, Sir! 8 1/2" x 2" \$11.00

J. Super Man-O-War Dildo

Unbeatable, 12" x 3" \$27.50

K. Double Dong

This side up, 18" x 2" \$12.00

L. Mr. Thirk

Open Wide, 10" x 3" \$15.00



M. Squirtor Dildo

Wet & Wild, 6 1/2" x 1 1/4" \$8.50

N. Lube

4 oz. \$2.50 16 oz. \$6.00

O. H.M., the King

Vibrating Monarch, 12" x 2 1/2" \$15.00

Giant Cock, 3 1/2" x 1 1/2"

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and I would suggest a
BLINDFOLD

As you can see, this is not just a kerchief tied around the head, but a much more complex device of leather with eye pads which insure total blackout as well as protect the eyes. This model has a buckle strap which locks around the back of the head and guarantees that he won't know which direction you're coming from or what you have in your hands. No, Sam, if you'll take him away and bring that tall blond slave over here, we have a

BODY HARNESS



that will accentuate this big, shaved muscular chest and provide a foundation for a large number of other attachments. This harness has a cockring attached at the base, which has become standard for most harness makers, and carries D-rings at critical points, like here on the shoulder straps and here on the waist straps. To these D-rings can be attached ropes, chains, handcuffs especially useful here, at the waist level; and S-hooks, should you wish to hang him from a ceiling beam by his shoulder straps. We'll do that, but first let's put on this

SLAVE COLLAR



which also has a D-ring attached to the front. The collar is useful for

leading your slave around the bars on a leash, and can be worn easily without the body harness. Sam, if you and Tom will lift him up to those S-hooks... as you can see, he hangs pretty immobile. Because of the heavy amount of punishment this slave's master inflicts on him each day, he is a perfect candidate for a

COCKSHEATH



This one is no ordinary leather and strap encasement, but, as you can see, is studded on the inside with small prickpins. Sam will demonstrate the easiest way to get the sheath on, and he seems to be ready to wear it—look how his dick is sticking up in the air, gentlemen!

As you'll notice, Sam starts by draping the length of the sheath over the top of the cock, then latches it up from underneath. I'll bet you're feeling that, aren't you? Rest assured, when this sheath comes off, his cock will be covered with tiny red dots, holes in his dick's skin. But they'll heal almost overnight. Now, for the backside, a leather



BUTT PLUG

Again, these come in a variety of materials, from hard plastic to solid rubber. This particular one is solid rubber covered with leather and studded at random. Try an eight-incher on him, although I'm sure he's has much bigger things up his ass. It also has straps, to keep it in place, and a couple hours wearing will insure that his rectum is easily accessible for whatever his master desires to do with it. For the genitals, in this case, we have a special situation. His master has seen to having

his foreskin pierced twice, and this special lock, which has thin bars and a standard padlock base, will be slipped through the holes and locked with a key. If he gets an erection, it will obviously be very painful. He can, however, freely urinate; although if you take him to the toilet, it's best to sit him on the bowl, or he'll be pissing down his legs.

"Now, Sam will show you how can to add some color to his skin with a

CAT-O-NINE TAILS



"There are whips and there are whips. My personal choice is the Cat-O-Nine because it produces very stinging blows and leaves fine, pencil-thin lines on the surface of the skin. The Cat is called that because it has nine straps, one for each of the proverbial 'lives'. As you can see, Sam has not stayed with whipping him across the back. The Cat is flexible enough to work patterns across the thighs, the legs, the stomach, and the chest. The Cat is an easy whip to use, it doesn't require arm-wrenching blows to produce the most exquisite pain.

"We'll move on to another slave/model now, and another unique instrument, the

CHASTITY BELT

"Various types of male chastity belts are available, made of combinations of metal and leather. Almost all have two features in common. There is a cage or sheath, for enclosing the cock and preventing access to it which causes considerable discomfort when the cock becomes aroused. There is also an anal plug which is held firmly in place unless the belt is removed. In addition to being a device for protecting your special merchandise, the chastity belt can actually become a device of torture when the wearer is aroused.

GIANT DILDOS

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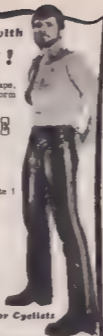


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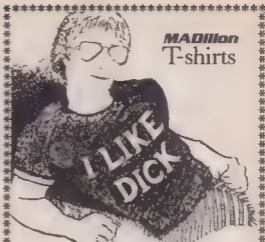
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available everywhere, like ordinary size dicks, the giant size asshole destroyers are less common in the marketplace. Big dildoes range in size from fifteen to thirty inches long and four to six inches in diameter.

HAND CUFFS



"A mainstay of every police department, handcuffs also now come in a variety of types and are made in a number of materials, from the standard metal ones to new, innovative plastic wrist cuffs. There are also thumb cuffs, which are like standard cuffs, only scaled to fit past the first joint on the thumb. Less conspicuous, thumb cuffs are just as effective.



HOODS

"The well-known hood comes in a variety of styles which combine the advantages of blindfold and gag, with the sensuous security of having your head completely encased in leather. The basic hood covers everything, having holes only at the nostrils for breathing. Variations have eye and mouth openings, or cover only half the head, or feature other details that allows you to choose a hood to fit your needs.



HORSE

"A very popular piece of equipment in any S&M workroom is the common carpenter's horse—or a variation thereof. A highly versatile structure which has the advantage of leaving your slave open while immobilized, the way you use it is only limited by your own imagination and the athletic ability of your slave. The yellow horses used by street maintenance workers hold a great deal of appeal as acquisitions to your playroom. They are not quite as sturdy or versatile as the carpenter's horse, but they are collapsible, which can be a strong advantage. Many masters prefer to design their own horses, letting their imagination and desires decide the limits of its usefulness.



MEAT TENDERIZER

This studded, leather device is chained around the waist and under the crotch, with a hole for the cock to protrude through. When the master wears this device, with its pad of studs, and fucks his slave's ass, he will make a lasting impression. Meat Tenderizers come with a wide range of studs, from the short, nobby kind to sharp spikes that will turn even the most muscled ass into a b-o-o-d-y mess.

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OPEN GAGS

"The open gag, or 'donut gag', holds the mouth open while restricting speech. The opening is designed to accommodate a cock, and makes for a useful instant urinal.

COCK RINGS

An encyclopedia could be written about cockrings, and the wide assortment of them in use. Suffice it to say that while the traditional cock ring was made of metal, and was meant to be worn against the base of the cock between the balls and the body, there are cockrings to fit every occasion and fancy.



BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

It all began back during the sixties when someone discovered those little boxes of Amyl Nitrate, designed for persons with heart trouble. The euphoria was instant, exciting and short lived. No one else had discovered them, not even the federal government, and all you had to do was walk into a drugstore, plunk down between two and three dollars and walk out with a boxful of instant euphoria.

Having lived a sheltered life, I had never heard of the blessings of Amyl until one evening I was lying alongside a so-so conquest, trying to think of an excuse to get up and go home. In the middle of what he was droning on about, he snapped something under my nose and told me to breathe in. The chemical odor scared me, but one has to breathe and I got enough of a whiff to make him turn into a Target model. The rest is history.

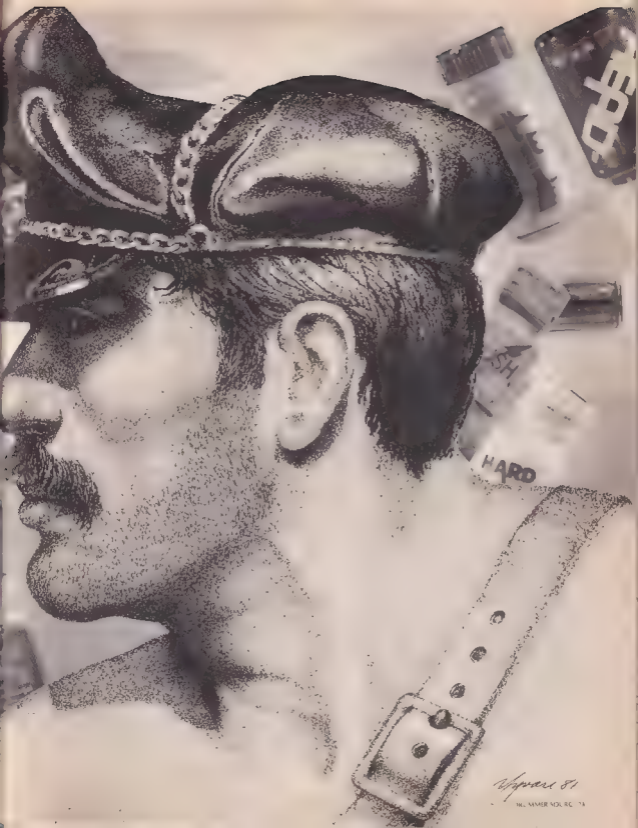
By the time I discovered amyl, one walked into what drugstores were left on Hollywood Boulevard, and spoke to clerk in a voice usually reserved for requesting rubbers or treatments for crab. He (with any luck) would hand you a ready-wrapped box, like they used to do years ago with sanitary napkins in my home town. Then, with popularity, the price went up and the FDA entered the scene. One needed a prescription and/or a swinging doctor.

It was some time later that Room Odorizers entered the scene. Legal, because they theoretically are not sold for human consumption, they are actually butyl nitrite and are sold in liquid-in-a-bottle form. The pioneer was Locker Room, whose founder made and lost a fortune. Then came Rush, which is still around. The parade of other heavily-advertised odorizers came along and were even discovered by the hetero world.

There is an ongoing debate over the safety and dangers of both amyl and butyl, which we do not wish to involve ourselves with here. Both formulas expand the capillaries of the circulatory system to lower the blood pressure and make the heart pump harder. Impurities give the liquid the chlorine odor and cause headaches. Used poppers (liquid in tiny glass ampules with a protective net covering) have a tendency to smell like dirty feet. In fact, one short lived product was named just that. Perhaps that is why it was short lived. Cost of the product varies, depending on how well advertised, how pure the quality and, as with most items, where you buy it.

There are a number of accessories: Inhalors, safety tops (so you are less likely to pour the stuff down your nose), self-sealers and carrying cases just like with other head products. As with discos, Bette Midler and designer jeans, aromas were first appreciated by gays.

BLAST



Upward 81

100, 110, 120, 130, 140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000



Spiked cockrings come with spikes either on the outside, on the inside, or on both sides—and the spikes vary from the flat chrome type to sharp pointed studs that will make itself felt on the rectum opening.

Some cockrings are leather, some rubber, some various metals. The cockring has grown into cock-and-ball-harnesses, multi-ringed attachments, and the Seven Gates of Hell, a progression of seven rings that get smaller as they reach the head of the cock.

TIT CLAMPS

"In addition to the ever handy clothes pin, there are a number of specially designed tit clamps available. The most common is spring-loaded with metal ends that provide an overlapping bite. Rings attached to the end of the clamps allow for hanging weights, chains, and other toys from the tits.

Tit clamps can be strung together with chain, usually a small but sturdy variety attached to the outside ends of each clamp. From the chain a number of items can also be hung, depending on the imagination of the master.

PADDLES

"The romance of 'father knows best' and long ago school days creates a warm spot for a good paddle now and then. The types and styles are all but infinite, and range from simple wooden items to more sophisticated leather discipliners.

Beyond the standard wooden, with-or-without holes, paddles now come in lucite (so you can see his ass turning red under each slap), and leather, either plain, stitched, or studded.

TOE BALL STRETCHER

"Snap the ball harness around the scrotum, then tie the laced-in

leather thong around the toes, and you'll never have to worry about your slave suffering from a shrunken ball sac again. Best bet: Tie it tightly, so that it pulls the sack down a few inches, then make him ride his bicycle around the block a few times.

TOE JACK-OFFER

"Similar to the Toe Ball Stretcher, only the leather sheath attachment fits around the length of the cock. As the feet go, so does the dick, and with the right pace the wearer can come with his ball tied behind his back.

Thanks

Nick O'Demus, owner of The Trading Post of San Francisco, was a real help in locating some of the illustrations for DRUMMER'S special SOURCES supplement, including the many Rex drawings you see here. The Trading Post catalogue, *A Taste of Leather*, is completely illustrated with Rex drawings of the wild and wonderful leather items Nick offers in his store and through mail order. If you would like a copy of the very erotic catalogue, send \$3. to: Trading Post Enterprises, 960 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. You must be over 21, of course.

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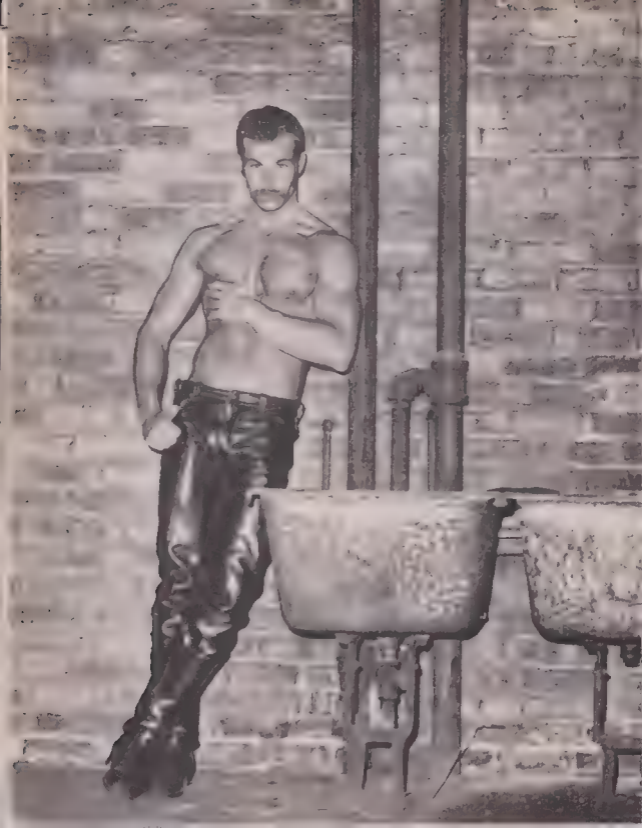
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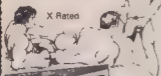
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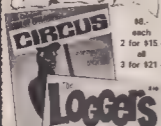
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WHAT'S UP!



RFM

While it was H.L. Hunt who made the phrase "just plain folks" take on new meaning, it was R.F.M. who has succeeded in bringing the expression into its own in the area of S&M. His typewritten, three-volume autobiography, *The Life of a Masochist*, is a primitive American classic, sort of a *Huckleberry Finn* with a bulwip. Beyond his rural authenticity, R.F.M.'s books are noted for the prolific drawings by 'Sean', an artist with a flair for bulging eyeballs and oversized cocks. R.F.M. is just as prolific (he may have written more stories than Joyce Carol Oates), and his style recalls an era quickly disappearing from S&M literature.



REX

While a lot of erotic artists only have one name, in the eyes of many men there is only one name when it comes to creating fantasy out of pen and ink: Rex. Recently, however, Rex suffered (and so has the art world) the loss of his extensive collection of original work through the now-infamous South of Market Fire this past July. Rex had, only a month earlier, opened a gallery on the street that was to later be destroyed by the fire. Although the fire started a block away, his gallery and the largest collection of his original work in the world was destroyed. Rex escaped unharmed and is again accepting commissions. It will be a long time before the world has as many Rex drawings as it did just a short while ago, but hopefully Rex will continue producing his masterpieces for many, many years.



THE LEATHERMAKER

If The Leathermaker's only claim to fame was his invention of the outside-zippered chaps, he would definitely deserve a place in the Leatherman's Hall of Fame. Putting the zipper on the outside changed the whole social life of chaps and stopped chape-wearers from ripping out their leg hairs on the metal teeth. But The Leathermaker, a L.A. legend, has done a lot more to improve the wearability of leather clothes, as can easily be witnessed in his design for a zippered pouch on the above item.



SAFETY VALVE II

Australian Jewelry Creations swears by their hottest product, Safety Valve II, which prevents the liquid from running down your nose. The plastic creation fits most bottles and has a pull-push action that opens and closes the container without screwing and unscrewing the lid (which we're sure you already know leads to spills, stains, and unwanted attention from strangers). If a man can do a better mousetrap...

PLEASURE CHEST

The chain that began mass-marketing of sex toys has enjoyed a very American success, typified by the Los Angeles Pleasure Chest, which, outgrowing its former supermarket-sized store, moved to a larger facility in the heart of "Boy's Town." The new store, which opened with a carnival atmosphere (and damn near a carnival in the parking lot) has been a winner with the Southern California crowd. But that's only to be expected, since the Pleasure Chest is, after all, the best place in that part of the state to find the latest in sensual devices and toys.





RENAISSANCE PLEASURE FAIRE

While no one has really uncovered the S&M practices of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, the Renaissance Faire has, for 15 years, brought the era back to life in the Blackpoint Forest near Navato, California, with pomp and circumstance.

The three week extravaganza boasts everything from jugglers to strongmen, from bawdy theatrics to a Grand Tournament with horses and knights and lancers. And lances.

Usually held at Navato from early August through mid-September, there is a counterpart in Southern California around the same time every year. Rest assured that the royal wedding of Charlie and Di will somehow be worked into this year's festivities.



THE LEATHERWORKS

Portland, Oregon can boast a super shop for hand-made leather gear that has been turning out unique "hard leather" items for almost seven years. Creating everything from belts to fancy bondage equipment, the Leatherworks has a flair for the exotic look in leather and specializes in "dress leather," the kind of things you see at opening night productions of Strauss' *Salome*, the unofficial leatherman's opera. These studded wrist guards with finger grips look as potent as they do erotic.



EAGLE LEATHERS

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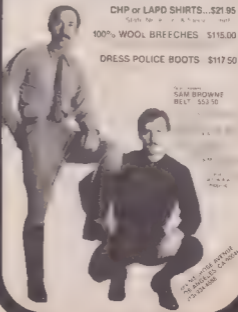
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MALE HIDE LEATHERS

If there is a guaranteed way to keep your balls warm, it has to be in a leather pouch, and this soft gove leather version from Male Hide Leathers is strictly top of the line. With steel ring side attachments, the bikini-

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styled garment rides the lower torso like a glove and wears well under anything (or over anything). Male Hide Leathers is the pride of Chicago, a leather emporium that maintains the most current designs and items and is constantly introducing new merchandise to their legions of followers. If you couldn't think of any other reason to visit Chicago (and we might suggest the annual Mr International Leather Contest sponsored by The Gold Coast as a very good reason) then a trip to Male Hide Leather would be worth the fare.



THE LEATHER MAN

You'd expect New York to have a number of places where out-of-the-ordinary leatherwear could be found; a good example is The Leather Man on Christopher Street. And a good example of his work is this leather jumpsuit with European-cut legs, waistband, set-in zippered chest and hip pockets, and a heavy-duty front zipper. With short or long sleeves, it's going to be warm to wear, but it's definitely going to be hot to see coming down the street.



URBANE COWBOY

Edging into the leather crowd is the new urban cowboy, hard-action orientated, lean, rowdy and hot. And when he gets his gear on, he looks every bit as impressive as Marlon Brando in *The Wild Ones*. Options Plus has everything the shit-kicker needs, from silver collar points to plain and fancy spurs. Their boot heel guards are German engraved and come in silver or gold, as do their collar points and spurs.



BIKER'S CAP

The Sentry Uniform Cap company makes some of the very best quality caps on the market, and a favorite is the Biker's Cap in pliable black leather with stiff bill, and with or without chrome chain. Sentry also makes a sporty black leather baseball cap that has become so popular it is threatening to turn the clone population into semi-leathermen.



SAFECO BOOTS

The best supplier (maybe even the biggest) of regulation safety boots—especially the 18" high top lace-up lumberjack boot, is Jim of SafeCo Boots in San Jose. For years now this small company has outfitted some of the hottest feet in the country, and outside the country. All of SafeCo's boots are guaranteed to be the real McCoy, and widths run from AAA to EEE, sizes from 5 to 15's. Now that's a bigfoot!



TIT CLAMPS

The dean of tit clamp and grip equipment has to be New York's R. Phillips and his 'Tit Torture Catalogue', which describes every device known to a nipple. Two very popular ones are the 'Nipple Grippers' and the 'Maneater Clamps'. It doesn't matter if you apply them, or if someone else applies them—they're going to be painful and you're going to love it!



PRINCE ALBERT


In the sensation department, the winning combination is a Prince Albert and Frenum piercing. The illustrated Albert is fitted with a circus ar barbell (the price varies depending on the size of the ball and the type of metal used). The Frenum piercing combines a frenum loop and a barbell stud. And the best place to have these more-than-less permanent body adornments attached is The Gauntlet in Los Angeles, where they originated.

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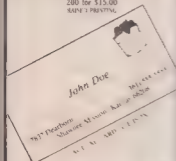
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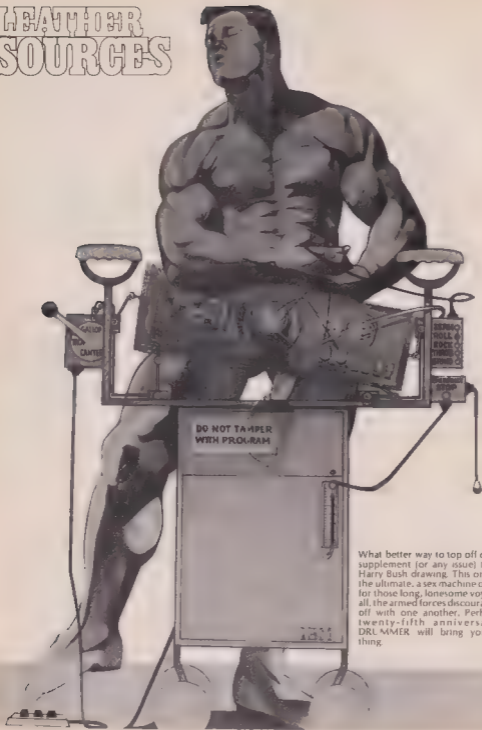
Sean, the famous male erotic artist whose wild S/M drawings have become super hot collectables, has now come into his own with BIFF! This new 48 page picture mag of dynamite action drawings includes 8 dazzling color pages! BIFF, Sean's big, blond hero encounters lots of hard & freaky adventures in his horny travels! The incredible "10" centerfold will charge up any "it" all batteries, so grab your copy today, cause BIFF will add TNT to your private, one handed bedside library! Store/dealer inquiries invited.

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LEATHER SOURCES



What better way to top off our Sources supplement (or any issue) than with a Harry Bush drawing. This one shows us the ultimate, a sex machine of the future for those long, lonesome voyages. After all, the armed forces discourages getting off with one another. Perhaps for its twenty-fifth anniversary issue DRLMMER will bring you the real thing.



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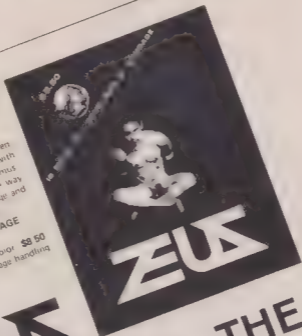
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MUTUAL JACK OFF
KANSAS CITY Wet it Stroker! Work it Shoot Sluts 21-40 send hot nude photo W/M 33 5'9" 165 lbs Let's do it Box 1866

MONTANA

MISSOULA Young, lean cold mountain man wants slave into submissa on service, bondage fist (tight touch contact) and strap beatings No heavy pain Other fantasies considered Slave will be rewarded by plenty of affection, sex from western outdoor action in mountain etc Box 2641 Missoula MT 59906

NEBRASKA

CORNHUSKER MAVERICK
Needs trainee 5'4" neither lean, hornier than hell like my sex rough and hard need a good Master! If you think you're man enough to break me Box 496

SOUTH EAST NEBRASKA W/m 40, 160 lbs, 5'10" 125 lbs, seeking a slave for hot sex 18-45 Enclose photo Box 1459

NEVADA

WILLING TO LEARN

RENO I'm completely inexperienced in the Leather World, but am willing to learn the way from an understanding experienced leatherman I'm a musc. rat, so want a very muscular man I like it very rimming sucking fucking and would like to get into W/S All this time I'm not interested in scat FF or heavy pain bites or heavy drug scenes I am important that every man I desire be hairy but must be muscular Box 888

JEFF TANNIA IN VEGAS
I'm Dana's younger brother and I would disappoint you Believe 1702, 188-7643

LOOKING FOR MASTER

RENO SIR Looking for master in Reno area to train slave for service and worship P Prefer bodybuilder with defn I'm here to dominate Am willing to expand limits for man who is capable of leading a slave into W/S TT B/D etc SLAVE is 5'11" 158 lbs BB/B, 35 sem-muscular with good face You are handsome and kind of man who should be served Photo a most yours will get mine Tiana you SIR for you! TIME Box 1387

NEW JERSEY

TATTOOED BIKER

BLACKWOOD Full heavy leathered dirt levis big booties tattooed biker seeks smarter local bikers interested in wild pronged, o sessions W/S and riding together Digs exchanging pass and cum on each other's bodies and eyes P Box 284 Blackwood New Jersey 08012 (Send letter & photo)

MASSACHUSETTS

BORDENTOWN Slave 175 lbs 30 seeds crew-cut shaved head MASTER stocky pot bellied Will workshop Please write SIR Box 1862

THE BRIG

EDISON Military auditions for young actors to play Marine recruits in Jersey City Production of "THE BRIG" Send two photos and resume Stripped to P T short with arms banded and/or P T tough drill and Bare Ass strappings by Knights of Discipline Box 1678

MORRISTOWN S 41, 6'2" 190 lbs white 7" cut hairy body Quiet natural down to earth, into game playing monster or into playings Easy going but demanding and experienced no-nonsense type of Master but one who understands the value of TLC Seeks the services of a good slave especially one 20s to 30s, for weekends or possible permanent live-in relationship Enjoying light workouts to a good body cut will respect limits at all times Willing to train novice No drugs, feds, items Box 520

CENTRAL JERSEY W/M, 39 6' 175 lbs tattooed, bodybuilder leather stud Harley rider with fifteen years experience as sadist with private gear ready wants to hear from willing slave age, 18-40 Limits respected and expanded No reply without picture, which gets mine Write to P O Box 13, Frenchtown NJ 08835

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER
N.Y. 160 lbs 5'10" 175 lbs smooth clean shaven needs tall, lean Master 110 to 130 lbs No scat heavy pain, scars FF Box A28

BONDAGE

MIDDLEVILLE Love to bind and be bound 38 6' 240 lbs rope leather and cuffs Levis, hoods, and gags Wet suits and gear, top No pain scut or drugs Intelligent and clean I'm top or bottom Private rural home Come and enjoy bondage Box 1693

INTO GEAR ?

MIDDLEVILLE Into Gear? For the ultimate in full body bondage try me hard but deep see diving suit with bondage added Full ventilation or full suffocation suit can be inflated or vacuumed down incredibly tight Box 1694

MASTER WANTED

TRENTON M 51, 5'9" 145 lbs 6' Juncut BEGS for trial thru pain & abuse including B&D suspension, C&A, T, tie ups, candles, whips, paddles, W/S anatomy etc in hopes of earning some small privilege of serving Master with slave's unworthy tongue, mouth and asshole Box 953

NEW YORK

NYC MASTER/TOY

NEW YORK CITY Master will interview serious slaves over 30 175 lbs who are willing completely to surrender their minds and bodies to master's superior rule and discipline. Experienced Master Every conceivable scene Only detailed replies with photo phone considered Write Boxholder Sir M. Murray Hill St New York City NY 10156

VERY HANDSOME

NEW YORK CITY AREA Tall Very Handsome Musc Mass BB Topman Master W/M 28 6'3" 160 lbs Brown Hair Brn Eyes Moustache HOT Requires submissive slaves Young athletic types to 30 for obedience training B&D Domination Degradation spanking body worship & Servitude Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience photo and phone to a P O Box 53 New Garden Sta New York NY 11415

NEW YORK W/M 28, 155 lbs, 6' Needs BB to 35 years to take orders and train my young Italian slave Send photo & phone Box 1334

MANHATTAN FANTASYMASTER
NEW YORK CITY I'm Daddy Coach, Big brother Headmaster, D1 Pledmaster Border Guard Handsome, Dark hairy intelligent 30 5'7" 135 lbs 6' If you're youthful firm-bodied attractive & bright, you'll be shipped to white jockey shorts, discipline, bound spanked & Fucked hard and long Write Hank Box 1107 New York City, NY 10023

HIPBOATED IN NEW YORK CITY
NYC Rubber man seeks slave for hot wet fun in our hipboats, waters, rain gear W/M 28 into J/O Pass Calme 1212 662-0447

AFFECTIONATE TOY WANTED
NEW YORK W/M, 6'2", 175 lbs, brown hair bald on top moustache New into leather like S&M (bottom) Needs understanding, affectionate top to show me the way and expand my limits. Ultimately would prefer permanent relationship with right man. Photo, phone appreciated Box 1681

RESPONSIBLE-EXPERIENCED
NEW YORK Hot W/m, 5'11" 185 lbs Swings both ways FF, W/S Callers, piercing, medically oriented shaving, S/M equipment Seeks sensible sincere man interested in mutually rewarding far-out trips Can deliver the real thing Not into las. Straight forward reply will receive same Box 1678

GORILLA-HUMAN
QUEENS VILLAGE Gorilla-human tattooed (not necessary) Macho stud Master wanted by slave who likes everything appearing to Master-slave Except PAIN Hot Italian 41 5'8" 140 lbs 6' Uncut Nougat desperate to learn Photo to Box 1645

NEW YORK CITY Lean mean & Dominant slave straddled with both an insatiable appetite as well as a penchant for either married men and/or former members of the Military establishment looking for body who will go along if on a no holds barred basis Meaning fast rough and often (contrary to popular belief) some people do feel quantity is better than quality I Should you call at seven be prepared to see daylight or better yet don't call Out of towners given special consideration on and treatment Box 4033 New York City NY 10163

SUBMISSIVE SLAVE WANTED
NEW YORK CITY Nougat Master 30 6'1" 170 lbs goodlooking and muscular but very submissive Submissives obedient slave for face fucking drinking my piss fast fucking tight S&M I'm respectful of limits and can be very gentle and caring Must have good body 25-35 years old. Also want to meet other Masters Box 1644

BINGHAMTON White, 47 Thick Uncut B, Not to Area, Top man occasional Bottom, mild S&M Very Handsome Straight looking, over 40 okay if slim, black, hispanic,umpy white truck Drivers Box 1637

MANHATTAN Black man, 50 seeks white, non-fat slave who uses his submissive head for thinking sucking cock, drinking my piss wanting his tits tortured enjoying having his mouth fucked and performing total oral service for my black cock regularly A guy who gives me his greatest asset, his heart, in service allowance Love and communion Box 510

SPANK YOUR DAD

BRONX How would you like to spank your dad? And fuck his rod not ass after you've paddled it without mercy? And use its cock sucking mouth for your only relief? If you're cute and cocky and at New York legal age you have the chance of your 1st Permanent home in New York City and a meck on you can handle Share me a nude photo, 40 to 100 1/2 Omelette 1/2 x 1/2 for a Photo via tele Box 1677

FORCEFUL MFN WANTED
NEW YORK CITY Slave W/M, 27 5'9", 140 lbs solid body needs forceful men work good in the ASS- paddles, crops, whips Write Luc 437, 470 2nd Ave New York, NY 10016

WEEKEND SLAVE WANTED
NEW YORK Master 33 6'1" 160 lbs 7" Cut, very Handsome very selfish seeks uncomfatable obedient slave for domestic scene only. Must have good head and body No sh! No brutality Photo Box 1678

HOT ANIMAL
NEW YORK CITY Leanne Ranch loving, piss drinking Slave/master needs use Abuse Begs to totally serve worship obey strict Master Photo Al Box 1118 FDR Sta New York, NY 10150

NEW YORK 38 Aquarius blond blue-eyed, goodlooking (clean cut but not effeminate) W/M desires to please, receives and please MASTER C'n in Eastwood types but into heavy S&M or FF but like to receive verbal abuse W/S and service dominant honchos who want service and willing to learn on by service, using boots, organs, and male swager willing to earned more about please no macho types All letters welcome and answered promptly ages 23 to 50 Box 270K

THOMAS LEVIG & SCAT
GWM 35 seeks very 18-30 w/built guys who wear tight levis and will give scat I service with a super hot rim job B/J tongue bath and body worship Serious only please Syracuse New York Area JM 315, 638-0580

NEW YORK W/M 30, well built muscular guy with hard dick sticking out hairy chest, full beard always jock and good body wants to hump up against a stud guy Esp fat bald hairy guy with a tight penis and over hanging body I want to smell your crotch feel up your ass and hug your hard dick against your toy Box 1330

NEW YORK W/M 35, 5'8", 160 lbs 6" cut medium build, seeks help to reach fulfillment as slave Need strict but understanding Master to bring out ability to serve with body and mind Not into scat or injury Box 80

TATTOOED & PIERCED
43, 6'2" 185 lbs, tattooed in open, masculine W/m, 30-40, not heavily into booze or drugs Box 452

NEW YORK CITY
MASTER WANTED
by M 30 Generous call guy into boots, uniform N2, SS S&M B&B Leather wear into verbal trips, have good earnings want to share with big Hairy hairy man, age over 180 lbs Must be man and hairy hairy coops, construction ok Box 1324

A DRUMBEAT AD
GETS FIRST RETURN

NOVICE BLOOD MASTER

NYC Tail skin goodlooking HUNG Mid 20s requires totally submissive slave(s) for experimental bondage and training as dog slave You will strip, perform, beg to serve and obey in and out of bondage No hairy pun trips Limits respected just Humiliation, degradation and servitude Especially like Latin or Italian types but all goodlooking young slaves considered Also like to hear from other Masters Box 132

ATTENTION: All husky, smooth all need colligable type bottoms, opportunity to serve and submit to my lol, football super rock master while I watch and worship Expect heavy bondage, ghl S&M Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience and Limita, any Photo preferred Southern Connecticut area Box 831

MUSCULAR TORTURE SLAVE WANTED

NEW YORK MASTER 35, 64 Blonde with 6'3" Stare 31 will train additional attractive muscular torture slave Send detailed application with photo Box 873

10 INCH COCK
CHICAGO Black male 6, 175 lbs. 10 inch Dick into Leather boots chains scat piss Hot candle wax Vag play European exp. for weekend trip to New York Possible rental on trip New York replies Ony Box 1530

DISCIPLINE
NEW YORK CITY Tail very handsome muscular masculine 88 Topmaster w/m 28 6'1" 175 lbs. Uncut Ht Requires subm as slave (young Athletic types to 30) for obedience training, B&D domination degradation spanking body whipping servitude Send respectful letter detailing your description experience & phone No Picture preferred To P.O. Box 52 New Garden City NY 11415

WANTED
NEW YORK CITY Tail young muscular 18-35 Topman with big cut without cock and B&S (Hung like a horse) Also guys w/ balls the size of a grapefruit who like to be used Master-slave games Fucking sucking Vag Fm and good HOT SEX 6'4" 175 lbs. Uncut Ht 10 inch cock and blue eyes Masculine Send photo Box 1560

SPANKINGS
NEW YORK CITY Spank gns given on Hatched by W.m. 25 Student with a sc paddle Send descriptive letter and photo if possible Box 1526

NAKED SLAVE WANTED
NEW YORK CITY Naked slave wanted for S&M Bondage by experienced Master Send Mail & Personal Date to Master P.O. Box 338 Audubon Sta New York City NY 10032

QUEENS, NYC Mature M Scorpio bottom man, 5'7" 145 lbs hairy body bald but bearded seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy trnwork FF WS Scot Jack straps, hairy bodies, black beads stumpy builds turn on No role switching or skinny blondes Box 305

A DRUMBEAT AD
GETS FAST RESULTS

HOT & EXPERIENCED

NEW YORK MASTER 28 140 lbs 6'01 inch 175 lbs. Uncut Ht 10 inch cock and B&S (Hung like a horse) Also guys w/ balls the size of a grapefruit who like to be used Master-slave games Fucking sucking Vag Fm and good HOT SEX 6'4" 175 lbs. Uncut Ht 10 inch cock and blue eyes Masculine Send photo Box 1560

BONDAGE PISS SLAVE
NEW YORK CITY W.M. 38 5'9" 143 lbs. Hot ass wants to be overpowered stripped bound gagged fucked, gang raped used as animal etc. S&M 175 lbs. Uncut Ht 10 inch cock and B&S (Hung like a horse) Also guys w/ balls the size of a grapefruit who like to be used Master-slave games Fucking sucking Vag Fm and good HOT SEX 6'4" 175 lbs. Uncut Ht 10 inch cock and blue eyes Masculine Send photo Box 1560

BUFFALO W.M. 28 6'4" 175 lbs. Uncut Ht 10 inch cock and B&S (Hung like a horse) Also guys w/ balls the size of a grapefruit who like to be used Master-slave games Fucking sucking Vag Fm and good HOT SEX 6'4" 175 lbs. Uncut Ht 10 inch cock and blue eyes Masculine Send photo Box 1560

EXTREMELY HANOSOME
NEW HAVEN 175 lbs. 6'1" 175 lbs. Uncut Ht 10 inch cock and B&S (Hung like a horse) Also guys w/ balls the size of a grapefruit who like to be used Master-slave games Fucking sucking Vag Fm and good HOT SEX 6'4" 175 lbs. Uncut Ht 10 inch cock and blue eyes Masculine Send photo Box 1560

BOOTH SEX
NEW YORK MASTER 35, 64 Blonde with 6'3" Stare 31 will train additional attractive muscular torture slave Send detailed application with photo Box 873

HOUSEBOY FOR SALE
Will take care of your home Need owner with a strap who will keep me naked chained and abused Use me for hard labor abuse toilet/rot and body service Only serious minded over 35 NY CT No Box 1312

CAPITOL DISTRICT W.M. 34 5'8" 175 lbs. Thick beard masculine muscular and into rough leather sex slave who will be used in all situations Write with photo Box 855

RAUNCHY FIST PHO
NEW YORK CITY Takes arms up the ass, piss down the throat from arrogant kinky style Exhibitionist in his animal 34 craves rough abuse in his sling Desired letter Box 565 Downstairs 132 West 24th Street New York NY 10011

WRESTLERS STREET FIGHTERS
28 6'2" 190 lbs W/m Topman wants to meet submissive young dudes into no-holds-barred L/L jock wrestling Also want to hear from other Tops into same Box 844A

BALLS 43 5'8" W 155 lbs Hot out-of-control type together and create a big sack hangs heavy with full hot nuts! If you're into giving & getting sensual pain to balls let's get it on Lots of equipment A photo of your sack gets me Box 1286

SYRACUSE S&M COUPLE LOOKING for real life sub and master in the Syracuse and NYC Area for medium to heavy sessions I'm 34 5'11" 150 lbs dark hair beard masculine top & bottom Our interests are Bondage Piercing Making FF Wax Shaving T/T CAB Torture Whipping W/S Scot etc Limits with in reason respected Letter & Photo to Box 2874 Syracuse NY 1320

NEW YORK CITY Goodlooking stable guy 33, Leo, 5'11" 150 lbs wants to meet man wearing high soft leather cavalier boots lace up moccasins or pre-wrestling boots Will also buy your sweaty socks Am sensual erotic and passive Box 881 NYC

FOR EXPERTS ONLY

NEW YORK CITY VILLAGE W/m 5'8" 130 lbs The best piece of ass on the East Coast For experts only Voluptuary not porine World's most perfectly functioning tube Can be sucked at both ends Not a submissive but a participant Long term chemical fuck prefer to avoid scat scenes last opera queens in black leather and whole sameness in general Scored by blueprint I answered over the Joyce Ark amputee ad in issue 42 P.O. Box 478 NYC NY 10011 Pics answered first

ATTENTION NEW YORK SLAVES
NEW YORK W/m are muscular youthful and not with a genuine need to belong to a 6'4" 180 35 year old muscular leather Master You will be second Slave and learn to love pain and torture and will submit to heavy and creative S&M B&D etc You generally don't answer ads but not wanting to miss the opportunity to serve this Master you will send your detailed application and photo Box 673

DRUGS
HUDSON VALLEY-WESTERN CONNY all guys in the area into hot kinky sex FF W/S, J/O Tit and hot torture piercing bondage voyeuristic Let's see if we can get some one going Write Shoes P.O. Box 24 America NY 12501

SEX AGENTARIAN
Ltbrs M 34 170 lbs mid-80s white beard blue eyes man of distinction Type Would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race who enjoys imaginative games with eager man Will do almost anything for right partner Box 290X

MANHATTAN
4'10" 130 lbs 34 year old muscular white An accomplished topmaster for second slave Will submit to heavy S&M B&D and video taping If you are young muscular and attractive send photo with qualifications at once Box 452

PIGGY RAUNCH
Versatile NYC Chances W.M. Scorpio 33 5'7" 130 lbs, 7" cock, for unbuttoned submission Heavy ass play (FF), L/L W/S scat sexual sweat of shoving tits c&B torture boots and stockings with real creat me in role switching Willing to explore new restraints overclothes or far beyond a wide include photo and scene Box 703

PUPPY SEKS BULLDOG
Hot Italian 28 5'9" 173 solid lbs seeks bear-bellied brutes who enjoy a bulch dog collared slave Seek stocky chunky 5'7" to 5'10" 180 to 225 lbs dominants who grove on scene Write with photo returned to F.O. Box 1311 Mount West P.O. NYC NY 10066

NEW YORK CITY W.M. 28 5'11" 40 lbs Clean shaven, imaginative seeks to be controlled by a Dominant top I have a lot to learn and would like to meet someone with teach ng ability 25-40 Box 1370

You can have your phone number appear in your Dominant ad include a one time fee of \$2 to cover the cost of a confirmation call to verify your number when you submit your ad copy

WRESTLERS-LEVIS-S&M

Mean, tough vicious ruthless stable W.m. 6'2" wants to hear from experienced type dudes all ages into no-holds barred fighting kicking, punching and squeezing a guy's nuts etc Exchange info -dress, or meet Box 959

S&M CLUB FORMING New York City Area only Ad spots welcome write for free questionnaire and information Occupant, 167 West 80th Street Apt 40 New York NY 10024

Wanna be stripped gagged, chained, humiliated, shaved, teased and worked over head to toes by mature experienced Master? Send pic & personal data to Box A90

NYC FF RECEIVER W/M 28 5'4" 110 lbs T needs scenes w/ 30 s Leather FFA Master into cat-baited p&B S&M 50mg 10yrs Photos, groups Throw my ass in your rig Box 1269

NEW YORK CITY MASTER
Master 45 6" cut hairy bearded masculine intelligent Seeks permanent slave with large uncut cock, long overhang big loose balls, arge nipples hot ass smooth body any age race Obedience w/ th effect on Box 1497

MASCUCLINE HUNG AND DOMINANT
BROOKLYN Attract ve W/m. 30s Masculine Hung, Domnant Slave A Nice Vases GWM who enjoys being Gr/Pass, good buns - up to hold on to dominated - very - if it is possible to get a term related photo Phone if possible Will send mine Box 5177 New York NY 10163

OBEDIENT BODY SLAVE AVAILABLE
NEW YORK CITY Serious Bodybuilder 5'9" 185 lbs 28 goodlooking into S&M slave supervision, piercing, military reg menation dog discipline body and mind ownership by a Master who wants to be proud of his obedient body slave Photo requested SIR Box 1403

ROUGH HOUSE & RAUNCH
Buddy wanted for hot wet rugged contact in and out of sweaty Goggles Especially w/ UNCUTS Send Photo P.O. Box 1328 Grand Central Station New York NY 10017

NEW YORK SLAVE
W/M 27 5'9" 140 lbs Solid body needs forceful Men to work on my BARE-ASS Paddles, crops, whips L&B 337 470 2nd Ave., New York NY 10010

NEW YORK CITY HOT LOOKING
W/M 31 5'8" 155 lbs Ex-Prep Grappler under 40 who like the B&S work over Have interesting toys for our enjoyment Reply on y if you like the real thing Box 1485

NEW YORK CITY 28 5'8" 150 lbs 42 Chest 30 Waist Looking for a Dominant Masculine rugged sex partner 30 years or older Box 1484

CREATIVE S&M WRESTLING
HOT BUILT HUNG ITALIAN 34 5'9" 155 lbs Ex-Prep Grappler wants long imaginative free-style developing dominating holds, moving into clever gear of toys CAB, and Tit Torture No hangups Travel to verify your number must Box 9186 Albany NY 12206

HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

NEW YORK CITY 35, 40, 50 lbs.
Black hair, very fit, dominant and
Hung wants New York City slaves
(18-26) with hard ass and hot mouth
to be used for B&D, Toys and ass
play. Photo requested & related
Box 1488. Beginners considered

ATTACTIVE

EXPERIENCED SLAVE
NEW YORK W/M, 31, 81" 165 lbs
athletic body, intelligent and trendy
needs young 18 plus, good looking
punish and uninitiated Master to
experience mag native & heavy S&M
and total submission. Photo appreciated.
Please write Tom Box 2003.
Responses answering service, 318
First Avenue, New York, NY 10001 for
prompt reply.

HOT & HUMPTY

NEW YORK HOT & HUMPTY 18-30?
Want best head in town? Privacy in
east side bed Man to Man? No fags
Photo and phone pics action Box
A29, New York, NY 10029

TOTAL SLAVES WANTED

GREENWICH VILLAGE EXPERIENCED S/W/M, Venus 47 59", 172 lbs
Cut shaved head strong leather
Master seeks total from slaves for
enjoy, hot sex on. Must have endurance
crave slow torture, punishment
in chains. Medium to heavy
S&M B&D W/S etc No Scat
if you're a real Master/Slave white
submissive growing letter. No
fems fags, fags Box 1838

NEW YORK CITY AREA S&M WANT TO MEET OTHERS into mutual
satisfaction. Interest in leather. Lavi
Rubber, Jockstraps, Boots, C
and Ball work. T work. Can top or
bottom but prefer BOTTOM.
J/O, W/S, Sucking, Fucking, Box
1383

GREENWICH VILLAGE M 43 58, 145 lbs
S&C, Cut W/M to warm inter-
ested, have headed bottom seeks
imaginative experienced caring
Macho Leather. Levi partner to help
me discover and expend my limits
Your service my pleasure No Fats,
Fems or fags. Senua, ty plus Box
1362

NEW YORK CITY 36, 160 lbs Novice
Wishes Training as slave Will con-
sider permanent slavery Need help
Sir to learn to serve and obey without
discontent and accept treatment gratefully.
Prefer tall and strict no nonsense
Master. Box 1421

S SEEK FANTASY SCENARIO

Bi W/M 47 61" 220 lbs seek 23
well hung big blood master/slaves to
provide latitude during Sept 28-30
visit to L.A. Eager mouth & long
tongue available for your use sucking
cock & balls deepmuzzing swallow-
ing big loads or sucking from
asshole. Willing to try any illu-
minated activity. Would like multiple
golden showers, perhaps try open
golden Show No FF passive Grief pain.
Soul and/or bondage? Indicate
number of participants scenario and
costs. Box 117, Baldwinville, NY
10027

NEW YORK W/M 51", 145 lbs
Want to meet young Horny Slaves
who dig wearing and fucking in high
boots. Photo appreciated. Write to
P.O. Box 1061, New York, NY 10028

FIND WHAT YOU WANT N

DRUMBEATS

NORTH CAROLINA

GOLDSBORO NC/4-95 TRAVELER
And hunk leather and boot
wearing dudes notice Two leather
towing boot worshipping men look-
ing for friends and want to help oth-
ers. Born-verse W/M 150 lbs and
180 lbs, 5'11" and 5'10", Harley rid-
ers. Looking for a pot under 30 over
21 to take care of. Phone, photo
replies answered first. Traveling
solo. Write now Rick & Larry R1
Box 137 La Grange NC 28551

OHIO

BOOT LOOKER

25, 5'7" 137 lbs looking for neat guy
into Frye boots. Wants me to kick
them and come on them. Box 151

SUM NOVICE

23, Columbus desires manhandling,
W/S, boots, handcuffs, verbal etc.
from understanding big brother.
Write with picture and telephone
Box 1331

TEXAS

CLEVELAND Bad Sexes versus Kinky
cuddles under 35 for possible relation-
ship. Photo, phone Box 1613

SEEK, LOCAL FRIENDS

COLUMBUS S&M M 43, 145 lbs
Area experienced seeks total
from slaves for enjoyment. Top, C
and C&B male Master m 35 and
enjoy using them. Send email with
photo to Box 2042 Columbus, OH
43220

CLEVELAND MACHO MEN

CLEVELAND HOT and Horny W/M
31 5'7 175 lbs seeks Cleveland area
hunks who are into cock sucking
(A/P), Fuccking, Light S&M and B&D
some W/S, J/O, M/S and/or shaver
R&B. Turn on when a HOT STUO
works on my Tits. Prefer aggressive
Dom and want partners with muscu-
lar or slender bodies. W/ REVERSE
roles to submissive partners. No fags
and no fags. Write with photo and phone
to Bokholder, P.O. Box 29263
Cleveland, Ohio 44129

COLUMBUS SM 32 6 160 lbs
Area, intelligent professional experi-
enced. Seeks local friends 25-35
I'm into bondage, tit and C&B, p/s
have many toys and enjoy using them.
Send letter with photo. Box
762

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER

HOT young white Master 33, new to Cleveland, 6'10 185 lb, exceptional
muscle, metal look. Would like to
meet hot U.S.D.M. prime slaves
and/or other masters in Cleveland
area. Write with photo and phone and
limits to SIR Box 16416 Cleveland,
OH 44116

MASTER WANTED Age 30-45, by
Novice in Dayton, Ohio. Should have
average or nice body. Am Greek, pas-
sive. French active heavy into pas-
sive. Willing to accept list from
right priority. I am 34, white male,
professional. Travel to Chicago and
New York often. Box 1405

CINCINNATI M/S-M 35, 28 5, 185 lbs
white B, novice intelligent,
seeks mutual satisfaction with friend
bottom lover, A45 into right S&M
no fags, fags Box A79

CLEVELAND M/S, 28, 5, 170 lbs
swimmer's build. Do-dy like playing
cowboys and Indians as a kid? I still
do. I'm into wrestling being captured
and tied up to please my captor. If
you like games, write to Box 21192,
Cleveland, OH 44121

BOOT FETISHISTS

Would like to meet and/or corres-
pond with men into BOOT WOR-
SHIP Box 1478

HOT HORNY MASTER

Goodlooking heavy set Master 30
seeks slaves under 35, for training
and punishment limits respected
and expanded Box 1311

CINCINNATI W/M 33, 160 lbs, by
her bi eyes beard would like to
meet guys 18-34, straight acting. I
love to be bowed down, marking in the
woods. S/Ms, nudist action. No
B&D, S&M Mica, 11368 LaBannon
Rd Cincinnati, OH 45241 (Box 17)

SIRI W/M slave 33 5'11" 175 lbs try
cut, new to scene seeks experienced
Master for training. Box B24

CINCINNATI W/M, 26, 5'11" 150 lbs
looking for men who look under 30
to fulfill any or all of our fantasies.
Into S&M, B&D, submission, appear-
ings, spit, piss, enemas, dirty jock-
straps and underwear, etc. Not into
scat or FF yet. I feel a great Master
because of my imagination and an
even better slave because of my
desire. Write and send photo to
Terry, 2374 Victor St., Cincinnati,
OH 45219

DAYTON'S 33 5'11" 155 lbs looking
for part time slave/houseboy. Pay
considered for the right guy who is as
willing to work as play. Goodlook-
ing, demanding, considerate. Master
the slave should have average looks, be
under 30, and into the head trip as
well as the physical. Box 878

COLUMBUS SM 32 6 180 lbs 7
Area intelligent professional experi-
enced. Seeks local friends 25-35
I'm into bondage, tit and C&B, p/s
have many toys and enjoy using them.
Send letter with photo to Box
2042 Columbus, OH 43220

HORNY BIKER

CLEVELAND W/M 50, into B&D
W/S, FF French and Greek, S&M
Cock ball and tit action. Have much
portable toys and equipment. Let's
really get into it together for a head
and body trip. Like someone who
swings both ways. Box 1665

KINKY SEX

CINCINNATI White, 40 looking for
men who only want kinky sex. Any
desire acceptable. Box 1654

OKLAHOMA

STILLWATER 38 5'9" 190 lbs
unlike, ex-police looking for other
officers and ex-officers into policing,
police leathers, uniforms, troopers
and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No
fags, overly fat fags, or drugs. D's
check. Box 885

MOUTH JOCK

A unique one. Let your big soft cock
and balls be strapped into my sensu-
ous mouth pouch! Hunky cowboy
33, 6'2" solid body 175" loose balls
into western wear military police
uniforms, stonewashed jeans, and
similar interests. Box 18441 Olathe,
Kansas City, OK 73154

OKLA CITY SM White 43, 170 lbs
5'10" good muscles seeks willing
hot men to 45 eager to learn and
wheat. Preter top but can be willing
bottom. No fags, no fags. Discreet.
No fags, reply with photo. Box
A53

THINGS GO BETTER

WITH

DRUMBEATS

OREGON

HOT MEN WANTED

PORTLAND 34 5'8" 175 lbs Muscu-
lar dark, dark hair, Brown Eyes, S
Beard & Moustache. L.A. no for hot,
horny construct on worker, cow-
boys, truckers, troopers, cycle cops,
mounted cops, framers who are not
only into B&D but have some hot meat
on their bones. But not grossly fat. If
you're into fucking, sucking sweat,
piss, jock straps, levis, aallier and
domination, beard, hairy testicles, cut
or uncult, you may come with a
letter and photo. MUST BE NUDIST!
showing off your assets! No bika,
fems, dopers, heavy drinkers. Box
1584

ASS WARMER

SALEM W/M 6 178 lbs Bi Body
77" seeks 25-40 needing approx-
imate ass warm ng CRAT abuse
Box 1650

PORTLAND B.D. SW PORTLAND
PHONE NUMBER NEEDED SALEM
ASS WARMER Box 1848

TIT ABUSE

SALEM M 41 80 lbs A' ong tire
seeks younger W/M coming tit telon-
gation abuse. Box 1649

VERSATILE TOP-BOTTOM MAN
Seeks GR A/P, FR A/P in levis &
boots. B&D, C&B, leather okay. No
S&M or j/s w/s. Enjoy wide
variety of expression but no p/s
or excess verbal action. I am 1
40s hung, discrete and affect orate.
If you hull for the full I will for you.
A24

LEATHER DUDE

PORTLAND W/M 39 64" 190 lbs
Leather into B&D, M/S, anal sexual
3-ave to submit application for train-
ing facts and photo demanded.
Likes considered limits respected
but expanded. Contact by Masters
Welcome. Write to Box 1649
Box 3241 Portland, OR 97208

NO NONSENSE LEATHER STUDMASTER

PORTLAND M 39 64 190 lbs
Blonde/Blue Bearded, grato per-
sonality to all short dark bearded
W/M. Suck slaves to submit applica-
tions for full time, live in permanent
partner position of voluntary Board &
Room Service. You will be
trained, shaved, trimmed, con-
tained and branded. Textual sexual train-
ing of body and attitude. No fags.
Desire abused if you deserve. C's M
sauce. Some affection BB HSD
W/S, TT, CBT, V.A. experience. I am
Only shock proof dudes 21-35 need
apply. Photo and frankness
demanded. Box 1609

HOT COB

Wanted by handsome, unruly fuck-
ing 31 190 lbs, 5'7" Dave Box 999
Sevierdon, OR 97007

PORTLAND Bottom seeks dominant
aggressive top. Dig ass beating,
pummeling, piss, rimming, toys. It
works, kinky scenes. And 5'2" 165
lbs. goodlooking Box 624

PORTLAND BIG

Harry M, 22 6'10", 170 lbs wants
aggressive 18 to help expand my
limits into W/S, FF Toys and want to
learn more. Box 1339

PORTLAND HARLEY OWNER
W/M 40, into boots, breeches,
leather, rubber, wants to meet other
big bikers. W/M 500 miles of Port-
land Box 1328

HUNKY ORIENTAL 27 seeks a slave or Master into piercing bondage shaving ball play and more. Must be muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box 84

FT WORTH 5'6" 4' 6" 195 lbs 7" uncult. German. Aquarius is looking for a lady. Should be knowledgeable clean cut into drugs, motorcycles, motorcycles, uniforms boots and leather. Not into FF scat. W/S Box 0392

GRAMHAM 28 5'8" 160 lbs bottom needs playmates or pen pals! interested W/S, FF, C/B, B/D and Toys One good picture deserves another. Box 1440

BEEVILLE Good top looking for good bottom. Masculine S/Wm 36 5'10" 160 lbs bearded hairy muscular. Be my weekend slave. I enjoy remote weekend camping trips. I have 4-wheel drive & boat. You must be 18-40, submit as v-slender. Let's find out what turns your lights on. Box 1317

CHAIN GANG
Need a rough and raunchy dude to make me work chain gang fantasy. Force hard labor, rough treatment. Don't mind discipline. Like to hear experiences of work gangs etc. Details and photo gets mine. Can travel. Box 1314

DALLAS SUBMISSIVE! Hot thirty guy seeks men into p/a, p/s, spit, verbal abuse and dirty fantasies. Enclose phone number. Box 1376

DALLAS W/M 5'11" 165 lbs 8" crotch mid. Looking dudes into mutual give and take working over crotch. He likes stockings with leather chains, jocks, head ho and cowboys and truckers. No fetts. Let's eager to explore. Box 1374

MASTER STUD WANTED
Houston S w/ve needs a kind, loving, tall w/ hung MR. BENCHWARMER. Am will try to serve the right one (25-40). Can do much. I enjoy life. Please allow me to suck, lick, drink piss serve and will be beautiful. Box 1409

HOUSTON, EAGER PUPIL OF SAM B/D W/S leather body shaving AM 5'7" 140 lbs 42 Seeks firm gentle knowledgeable Teachers and Masters. Small, endowment, but large desire and capacity to learn, serious pressure and obedience. Box 1390

DALLAS 5'8" 150 lbs 27 years old I like to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular captor for total light, prolonged bondage and forced subm. Can reverse roles. Box 734

UTAH

2 HOT LEATHER BOTTOMS
BALT LAKE CITY Two hot Leather-bottoms and 40s S&M roles. Please careful SAM instruction by hot Top any age who is experienced and creative teacher. Use bottoms for hot fuck, pp, W/S, FF, Remming Enemas Any intense long lasting scene except heavy pain, drugg. Box 1610

VIRGINIA

MY FANTASY

ARLINGTON The sticky heat of the night hangs in the air. As my car pools the full, a blurred figure can be seen in the distance. Rips thrust forward his thumb is extended. Then I notice he is completely nude. Could this be you. Box 1601

VIRGINIA MASTER

MASTER 33 6' 115, seeks partner for weekend B&D SAM sessions. Limits respect. Confidentiality expected and assured. Apply with photo. Those with phone answered first. Travel East Coast often. Box 1475

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

ALBRIGHT Needs Master. Master willing and able to do anything in any scene. Box 1600

MAKE ME BEG FOR IT

NORTHERN VIRGINIA Young cock sucker needs verbal abuse from young hung men. Please make me beg for it. Box 1651

WASHINGTON AREA WANTED

WASHINGTON DC AREA 34yr M w/m 27 5'10" 150 lbs br/azilero into topmen who enjoy being in control like wear leather boots, uniforms clothes. Can be good boy for right Master. You Gifter. Uncel 45, respect limits. Reply with pic. Thank you. 51R Box 1658

WASHINGTON

CIGAR SMOKERS

Hot muscular leatherman 32 who smokes and gets turned on to cigars wants contact with men of same interest. Will be starting an organization for cigar smokers soon. P/O Box 20604. Seattle WA 98106

NEED WORKOUT

SEATTLE B&D NO S&M into chaos, speedo jocks harness. Need work out partner for weight lifting. White 50 190 lbs. Looking for similar. Box 86

GOOD LOOKING WHITE BEGINNER

SEATTLE 6' 145 lbs 29 m. Looking for Trnner Like Bikers Leathermen and Coppers. Big Boots and total leather. Also willing to try anything once. Age and looks not important but prefer big and hairy. Your photo gets mine. All letters answered. Box 1544

RASSLIN

6'2" 188 lbs looking for some athletic completion. N Seattle. Collegiate pro, submission no-holds-barred. I'll take ya on. Only serious sweaty jocks need reply. Let's go a few rounds and get down. Box 615

SEATTLE AREA FF TOP OR BOTTOM looking for good friends. Have a sweet ass that's been trained by the best. Enjoy man, not boys, into uniforms sports (if you know what I mean). Am hot for Truckers, cowboys and Leathermen. AM 5'11" 185 lbs. With 8" of hot hard meat. Box 442

SEATTLE SPECIAL SLAVE BOUGHT

SEATTLE Ancient Roman values seeks non-role relationship any age. Imaginative intelligent live-in house slave apply. Must have acceptable public appearance for Masters. Conservative social image. Inexpensive. Intelligent live-in. Preferred others. Ca. Releacher. experiences negotiable. Obedience receives consideration. Light S&M B&D Master. Novice, 5, 49 85" 185 lbs grey hair beard, stable dominant masculine. Box 1695

HUNG STUD

SEATTLE 23 STUD, MUSCULAR. HUNG into World Sports. Send Photo to Box 1429

NOTHING BEATS DRUMBEATS

WANTED

SEATTLE Love slave wanted should not have limits however pain will be a very minor element. Prefer young slim while 1 am W/M 31 170 lbs 5'3 Box 1345

WEST VIRGINIA

HARPERS FERRY 32 6' 100 lbs 10" cut. Looking for w/m 18-35 muscular and hairless preferred. Nice ass, who wants his tits worked over. Box 736

WISCONSIN

LEATHER GROUP TO TRAIN

MILWAUKEE leather group to train or turn hot young punk into slave. Captured. Manhandled. fast up. Wrestling forced to submit to your cocks a road. Need tight bums. Lips learn but respect my limits. No FF B&D Scat. P/a 1m 32 150 lbs 6. Send letter of what you'd like to do with me with photo. Prefer 40 to 60 year olds. Will answer all letters. Box 1616

MILWAUKEE W/M 28 6'1" 170 lbs 10" seeking Master. Love relationship with W/m 18-29 yrs. Must be patient and understanding as I am new to this scene. Will answer all with frank letter. State your demands and send with photo to Box 973

MILWAUKEE M 5'9", 145 lbs white hairy chest young needs instruction in B&D W/S S&M etc from Master who will show me my limits and respect them and teach me my role. No fetts. Let's let's let's. acat Photo greatly appreciated. Box 837

WYOMING

LOOKING FOR MACHO PARTNER

With 9" to 12" who wants to retire to the country. Spend a week or a lifetime riding, fishing, camping and screwing. Will take care of all needs. Send photo and frank letter to Box A43

MAIL ORDER

MAIL ORDER NOTICE

Two or three of us would like that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

KINGS MEN LTD. 1981 Bondage Catalog. Fully illustrated over 40 pages. Just issued. \$5.95. 304 Cambridge Mass 02139 16 Bglow St.

GAY PARTY SUPPLIES

FREE Brochure on gag gifts, sex toys, cocktail napkins, invitations, aprons, etc. Send Long SASE to Barry Downing, 2944 Motley Suite 301-M, Meadville, PA 15759

HOT TALK TAPES

NEW from Station Sound. Real Hot and horny macho dudes get down and dirty on audio tape. For free cassette brochure, write Station Sound, Box 436, Canal Street Station, New York City NY 10013 (562 West 75th New York, NY 10024)

JUST MEN'S SWIMWEAR

JUST MEN offers you a PLACE IN THE SUN. Our color catalog featuring our newest styles of men's swimwear. Send \$1.00 to: JUST MEN, DEPT. CG 215 West 38th Street, New York, NY 10018

DIGREES \$25.00

MA BA PH D any subject. For your University Degree. Send name. Degree wanted and your check to: S F E C INC—Villy Degres 10031 San Antonio Drive, Suite 113, Northwalk, CA 90650

ENEMA EQUIPMENT

Funny Enema Equipment for practical clean, clean, pressure or discipline. Other Ass-oriented toys also. Get on \$2. At Hamilton 215 West 41st Street, New York, NY 10014

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Sample cardvms & brochures \$1.00. State over 21 M/S & Dept. Dev. P.O. Box 30160, West-nigh, DC 20004 (930 F St NW Suite 300 DC 20004).

THE EROTIC ART

OF BILL WARD
Seventy pages in large 11x17 format on heavy coated stock of England's leading erotic artist. Includes KINKS and DRUM cartoon series. \$5.50 postpaid. From The Studstore, 17 Harnett St., San Francisco, CA 94103

WFO QUARTERLY

America's most exclusive personal ad publication for Gay Men. 30-word ad and free copy of quarterly for \$10. Send us your ad, or send \$8 for a copy of the current issue mailed First Class. Courier Enterprises, 822 Fuller Ave., Hollywood, CA 90046

DIG GOOD HEAD?

Blast off using super silky jerk-off technique that feels just like a real blow job. Guaranteed \$2.00 (cash) and SASE. Reynolds, Box 3488-R, Hollywood, CA 90008

SEAZEE SHIRT

COMFORTABLE Sexy, seductive T-Shirt. You've pumped it up, now show it off! 100% Cotton Colors: White, Black, and Yellow in small, med, and large and bodybuilding sizes. \$10 plus \$2 postage and handling. 2 for \$16. Call residents add 6% sales tax. SEND YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO: ROBERT VAN CLEEF, 6033 JUNGST BLVD #149, LOS ANGELES, CA 90048. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

MR NUDE APOLO body builder. Have muscular buns with dimples. Send \$5 for my private EROTIC photo set and letter detailing my modeling session. Can travel. Dick, 54 W Randolph St., Suite 608-57, Chicago, IL 60601

TRAVELING along, Lt w/ canvas w/leg straps, w/this you can take it with you, and pay for hours in comfort. Send \$5.00 to: Gary D. Fox, 1225 Folsom Dept. 421 S F CA 94103. Chicago cards welcome.

HALF PRICE

25 Pix (\$34 to \$58) close ups of young looking SWIMMERS (swimwear) or WRESTLERS (wrestling) only \$5. Order today, guaranteed. Send to Lee Weiger, Jr. 30227 Rhone (A M) Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 02774. CLO-SE-QUIT 60 Assorted athletic pic only \$5.

HOW DO YOU SPELL HOT?

DRUM-B-E-A-T-S

WELL HUNG

TOPMAN WANTED

LONDON 28 8'1", 188 lb. want h s a se and mouth lucked by well hung hunks anyone or group SAM and bondage tomen If you are under 55, good looking, well built, and can satisfy me, write in detail with photo to Box 1507.

FILTH-LOVING SLAVE

39 5'9" 140 lbs., looking for Master to make him grovel in oil, grease mud, high etc in chains. Box 435

LONDON 4 5'9" 150 lbs. 5'9" uncult into W/S, leather, rubber combat gear seeks dominant to be a strict but respectful of limits. Box 830

LONDON BEGINNER

Wm 32 6' 185 lbs., looking for partner in leather or denim. Willing to try almost anything. Box 718

LONDON Leather guy, 6'2", 170 lbs. white, 7", very active strictly top. Wants to meet groovy muscular slaves who know how to enjoy a real master. Am into most scenes. Enjoys master/slave act on with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and I will send mine. If you are a real slave I can guarantee you, the real thing. Letters with photo answered first. Box 655B

OXFORD Knowledgeable M, 37 8'10" 190 lbs. into leather, rubber, denim. Has good tongue ready to please a master. Box 723

LONDON & YORKSHIRE S 5'9" 50 180 lbs. would like to meet experienced to Britain. Very experienced master. Box 557

SM 45 5'11" 6'2" cut imaginative wide range of interests. w/ingness. Box 359

WANT CALIFORNIA SLAVES

LONDON MASTER 31 6'2" 180 lb. Bearded Hung. Seeks hot southern California slaves during vacation. Sept-Oct 1981. You are 18-40, ambiph skinned with hungry asshole into F u Fuck ng, CAB Torture, TT, W/S, and be ng Wn ped. Those offering overnight accommodations can reply on same n. London, Box 1496

GERMANY

LUXEMBOURG Novice needs training. W m, 33, 193 cm 75 kg. prefers beards, mustaches, country life. Box 578

MILITARY JAIL TROOPER

WEST GERMANY German top military jail trooper 40s 178 cm, 78 kg. tall, fit, trim body. An ultra masculine dynamic, experienced stud likes to give it and get it in the end. Have large toys and know how to use them. Will dominate you... What hardcore could be? Very skilled as FF Top and tag ng deep as FF wide receiver. My big bull balls have heavy duty scenes. Are you man enough to try? we get it on in my well equipped playroom. Write to Jau/Walter, Postfach 850114, D-5000 Cologne 88, West Germany

EXTRA WELL HUNG

STUD WANTED

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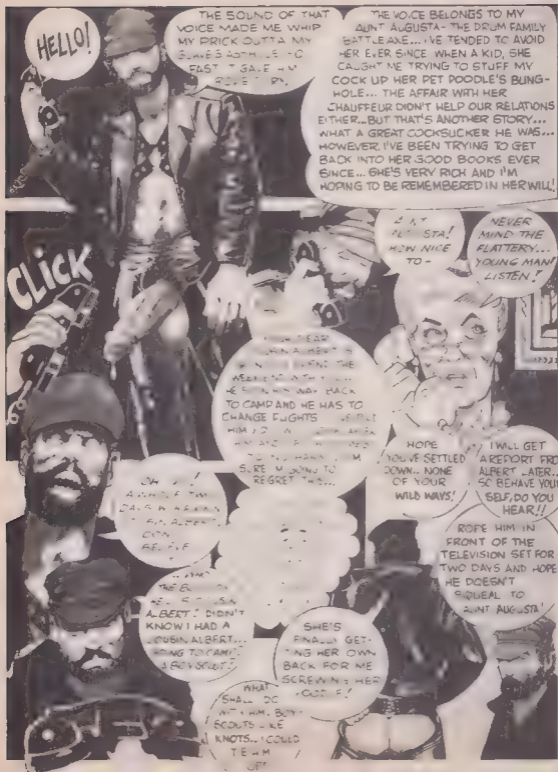
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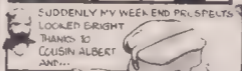
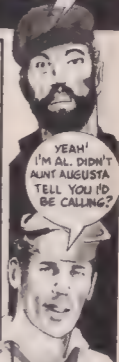
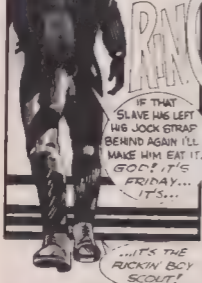
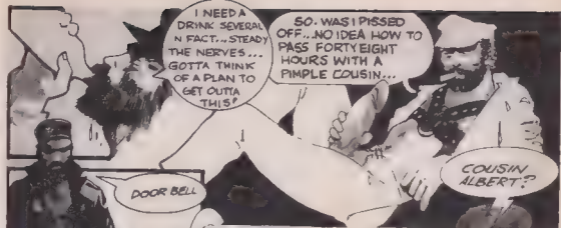
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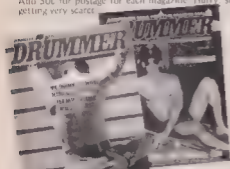
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THE SIX DOLLAR
MAGAZINE

THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry

Here's a strange request for you. In addition to a lot of other things, I'm very much into W/S. I know that beer piss is the best, and all that, but some guys seem to produce a really bright yellow stream, even after drinking a lot of beer. I am always very pale by comparison. What's the secret?

Don, New Mexico

Dear Don,

There may be other ways, but the best one I know is a good daily dose of Vitamin B complex. These tablets (or capsules) are probably brewer's yeast, for the most part, and that seems to be the best ingredient. I would definitely not recommend ingesting food coloring, which can probably also color the piss. At least the green dye they put in beer on St. Patrick's day can certainly give you a start when you dump it out the next morning. While not toxic, some food colorings have been found to be carcinogenic, a number of them being made from coal tar. And, on the same note, try to find "natural" vitamins.

Dear Larry,

My friend and I have been together for almost three years, and until recently we had a very satisfying sexual relationship. Then, four or five months ago, I started having trouble keeping it up. This happened right after I changed jobs and had to start wearing a coat and tie to work every day. My friend says it's because I wear jockey shorts, and he has shown me several articles, including a "Dear Abby" column to substantiate his opinion. I don't see how it can make any difference, and I'm not comfortable in boxer shorts. Besides, in the place where I work I don't think it's a good idea to show a basket. Do you have any thoughts on this?

(Name withheld)

Dear Withheld,

Heaven forbid that I would ever disagree with Dear Abby; however, I think your friend has misread her comments. The studies she referred to, as well (probably) as the other articles in question dealt with "sperm count" in men who wear tight, support type shorts. Sperm count has to do with a man's

ability to impregnate a woman, not whether or not he can keep it up (potency-impotency). I have never seen a study indicating that tight shorts have anything to do with this latter problem. If there has been one, I'd be interested in knowing about it. In your case, I wonder if the change in jobs might not be the real problem. Are you under a lot more stress than before, or are you not getting as much rest? Have you substantially altered your eating habits? These factors are much more likely to be the source of your difficulties. And as for tight shorts... well, I don't like them either, but my feelings are purely aesthetic.

Dear Larry,

I know you answered a question from a person in a somewhat similar situation to mine a few months ago, but I think my problem is a little different, and maybe more severe. I am a pre-operative Transsexual (male to female). As such my sex life has been very limited. Most straight guys and gay women won't become involved, because I still have a penis, and most gay men consider me to be too feminine for them. Yes, I'm bisexual.

From time to time I have come across SM and bondage books, and these have turned me on and I have enjoyed my fantasies, but I could never bring myself to order toys or to seek out a partner. Three weeks ago my roommate introduced me to a truck driver she knows. He had five B/D magazines in his motel room, where we had gone at his request. We had several beers and he wanted to know what I thought about the magazines. Well, one thing led to another, which led to a seven hour bondage scene.

I learned much about myself in these seven hours. I have had many fantasies about leather before, but until that night I had never worn restraints, gag, hood, or cuffs and chains. The reality far, far exceeded any fantasy. While I was in bonds I came to accept that there was where I truly belonged. This acceptance brought on such a "high" as I never knew existed and I had multiple orgasms without being touched or handled in any way other than by my restraints.

After the session, I went through a massive depression. In an attempt to find some type of help or information as to what I was and what was happening to me, I sought help at my church (MCC). I received some counseling from my pastor and his lover and was loaned a copy of your Leatherman's Handbook. The book answered some of my questions, but still left me uncertain about my own circumstances. Can you carry your advice a little further?

Confused in Omaha

Dear Confused,

This is a problem I have had thrown at me before, and it is very difficult for me to answer. First, I would note that SM, bondage, leather, etc., is cer-

tainly not restricted to gay men. There are many heterosexuals involved in these same activities. Thus, going through with your sex change isn't going to keep you from participating. On the other hand, if the use of your male organs in the scene is necessary to it, you are going to be forced to make the choice. As I've told many others, I don't think that the Corn and Bible Belt offers as wide a choice as the more populated centers. There is also a small sub-culture within the leather community - especially in New York, where you find transvestites heavily involved in SM. I don't know if this is the answer for you, but you might check it out before you take the final, irrevocable step.

Dear Larry

I've been reading all this crap you, and others like you, are writing about sex between men, with all the bondage and torture. I think it's sick, and it's certainly immoral. I don't see how you can glorify it with a straight face, and actually answer all these letters from sickies all over the world. I think you're worse than they are.

(Anonymous) Postmark NYC

Dear Unnamed,

I am sorry that your own feelings are so confused that you felt compelled to write me yourself. Certainly, if my words and those of others writing in the same genre offend you, it's easy enough not to read us. As to our behavior being "sick," I feel it is far healthier to act out one's fantasies in a non-destructive way than to bottle them up until they destroy either the person himself or someone else. As to being "immoral," I feel that the only immorality is one's attempt to force his desires on someone who does not wish to have them forced upon him. I have files full of letters, received over the years, from people thanking me for shedding some light on problems which had previously seemed unique and insurmountable. I am sure that DRLMER and many of my fellow SM-leather writers have found the same. I'm sorry you feel as you do, and I really don't know who can help you.

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DRUMMER views the Flicks

SEXUAL OBSESSION
AS DOCUMENTARY

LOADS

Curt McDowell's latest film *Loads* marks a milestone in the avant garde filmmaker's career. McDowell has been reaching toward a documentary consciousness in this earlier work (even the seemingly fictional *Thundercrack*) and he achieves it in *Loads* while advancing his personal growth as a filmmaker immeasurably.

Loads is a groundbreaker for more than its place in McDowell's filmography; it is perhaps the first documentary in the gay sexual genre.

McDowell has an obsession for heterosexual men. His particular sexual fetish, for the most part, revolves around oral copulation. While the act itself is not unique (as the saying goes, Today's trade is tomorrow's competition), the methodology McDowell used in making *Loads* is at least removed

from the historic stereotype of sucking off a telephone repair man during his lunch break in a roadside restroom.

McDowell rented a studio in the heart of San Francisco's heavily-Latino Mission District and began searching for straight men to film in the act of masturbation. He was either specific or vague in his approach, depending on the circumstance. The response was good, as far as the film is concerned, and we see the half-dozen or so men McDowell approached, as well as other men, who learning from their friends what the filmmaker was up to, sought him out.

The film, in black and white, follows a fairly tight narrative line. The editing and rhythm of *Loads* raises it far above a series of set pieces.

We are introduced to each man through the particular aspect of their appeal that first attracted McDowell. In one instance it was the shape of a mouth, in another the way a pair of pants rode low on muscular thighs. Another wanted his tattooed body preserved on film. And so on.

The men themselves run the gamut. There is, about them all, the look of the heterosexual, a look of sexual insecurity. There is no gay sensibility in their posing or mugging for the camera, no understanding of their own potential sexual appeal in either attitude, stance, or the display of their chief objects of interest. Unaware, each watches the camera and the filmmaker. Sometimes there is a smile that seems more suited to a still photograph, a smile forced and held for an uncountable duration. There is an awkwardness in how the men show off their cock and ass to the camera. There is, in almost every frame, the sense of voyeurism, both visually and viscerally.

McDowell's narration, itself as paced and composed as the framing, is straightforward and sincere. First his obsession, then his methodology in making the film. Each man warrants an explanation and an appreciation by the filmmaker. We hear and see some



mages in real time, others retrospectively. He tells us how, when he first saw the film's singular bodybuilder walking down the street, he imagined he was attached to the man's shoulders, his own cock firmly locked in place and riding the hard, smooth buttocks below him.

McDowell literally crawls his way around each of the men, showing off the landscape of each man's geographical features as much as the camera can accommodate. Shots are angled for maximum body exposure more than for contrived perspective. Men walk over the camera, walk toward it, walk away from it. As the camera travels in semi-circles around certain of the men's faces, they follow it with their eyes, the turning of their head or their torso. While each seems uninitiated to the posture of modeling, each attempts to exploit their momentary nudity with an undifferentiated, undeniable, sensibility.

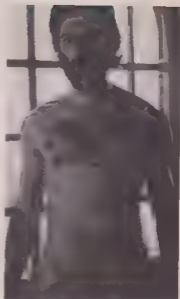
The film is called *Loads* and that is how the film concludes, each man has an orgasm for the camera. Some have masturbated themselves, some have been blown by the filmmaker to the point of orgasm. The filming styles McDowell uses for the orgasms vary with each participant. We see one man shoot his load across the pages of a pornographic magazine, splattering his sperm onto the image of a naked woman with her back to the camera. He rubs the sperm into the page with the head of his cock at the crack of the printed image's ass, as if to reassert his heterosexuality to the camera with the knowledge that his cock would penetrate this woman.

In other instances we see men masturbate themselves to orgasm and shoot across their stomachs, over the fingers of their hands, or into the air in thick white arches. One man climaxes while the filmmaker is blowing him, and his load lands across the upturned nose and eyes of McDowell.

The filmmaker seldom leaves this film, even after he has set up the opening premise and introduced the characters. He weaves in and out of the frames at will and is in evidence in most of the climax scenes. The point this brings back is that *Loads* is about Curt McDowell's fetish for heterosexual men, and not a film about the men themselves. The same shot, of McDowell looking down on the street

below his studio window, opens and closes *Loads*. The narration is non-conclusive. In fact, the film is not to be taken as a complete whole, but rather as an out-take from a larger whole, the ramifications of which extend beyond the real time of the narrative. In an earlier film, McDowell used the person of a hustler in a straightforward narrative line, to introduce a motif that would be realized with *Loads*. In *True Confessions*, where the filmmaker comes out to his parents in the most uncompromising terms, McDowell hinted at the possibility for *Loads* in head-shot scenes that were culled from interviews with friends about their reaction and relationship to the director in an unfinished film, *Taboo* (*Skinny Ties*). McDowell mixes reality and fantasy in a fiction film about a sexual obsession with a non-fiction heterosexual man played, in the film, by the real man himself.

Loads is not pure *cinema verité*. Manipulation of the sound track (which is not recorded in real time) and the stylized editing format move *Loads* more toward creative documentary. However, the film consciousness at work here is obviously intent on breaking new ground in both documentary approach and narrative line. Of all the gay independent filmmakers working today, McDowell is one of the most innovative and unquestionably the most strikingly original.



This is not to say that *Loads* is a flawless film. Some segments linger beyond their screen impact, some repetition is unnecessary. In parts, the soundtrack is difficult. The latter can be excused, however, given the overall effect of the film - which indicates a rawness that would include phrasing slightly out of range.

But on the whole, *Loads* is a gay cinema experience the likes of which will be difficult to match.

—John W. Rowberry

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LONDON LEATHER

The big event in London over the past month was the Blues Weekend held by the capital's only uniform club, London Blues. It ran for four days at the beginning of May and was attended by thousands of hunky guys in their khaki and greens. Things started off with a swing on the Friday night at a birthday party held for the club in Heaven. London's largest gay disco. This went on till nearly four in the morning – quite a night for London!

On Saturday, a small but very cruise party was held in the Kings Arms, Poland Street. This normally straight pub was descended upon by Blues members, many of whom finished off the night at private uniform parties held around town.

On Sunday a bleary eyed contingent went on a visit to the Bluebell Railway, in the country outside London. Well worth a visit if you're into steam trains, one of the members told me. I'm not. So, I didn't go.

Sunday evening saw the Blues back at Heaven again for a Machedo party. The entertainment was provided by a young man who did rude things with pythons – yes, snakes.

It proved a very well organized and attended weekend. If uniform is your bag, get in touch with the Blues when you're in town. You can find them every Wednesday and Friday meeting at Heaven.

With the pound being what it is, leather comes quite expensive in London. Nevertheless, we can find a couple of really good leather shops. The first and foremost must be Frisco Leathers, whose main shop is at 85 Kings Road in famous Chelsea. It's at the back of an indoor market called The Great Gear. Run by the outrageous David Wilson, it's well worth a visit being crammed with very well made leather goods from cock straps to full harness. The shop opens from ten in the morning until six in the evening, Monday to Saturday. The company's other two shops can be found at Shepherd's Bush shopping centre in West London and in the Heaven disco complex.

Our other leather concern is just a couple of doors away from London's most famous leather pub, the Colehorns, and is usually open from noon until late at night. It's called the American Boy and like Frisco carries a large stock of leather, etc. You can also get your poppers there. It's only recently that our customs have let US poppers through their gates. Now, you can buy Rush, Hardware etc. at most London gay shops. Also you can buy

the home-grown variety in small brown bottles – cheaper and quite good. A word of warning though don't buy poppers from people in pubs or clubs, who hawk it around in plastic bags. It's generally rubbish and over the last few months there's been a few nasty accidents with the black market stuff. Always get them from a reputable shop – at least you can take it back if you're unhappy with it.

If you're thinking of coming to Europe with your motorbike, a club you might like to know about – a club which only accepts members with bikes is Bikers International. You can contact them only by letter, so you'd better get it together before you start your trip. They have contacts all over Europe and would be able to put any gay biker in touch with other guys throughout Europe. They regularly run bike rallies and their all-night parties are an absolute must. The group was formed a couple of years ago under the title South Midland Bike Boys. At that time, it was based around the Northampton area which is some sixty miles from London. Since then, they've changed their name, gone international, and really expanded. You can contact them at Bikers International Club, BM Box 7030, London WC1W 3XX.

It's surprising the type of people that get attracted to leather guys. Or for that matter those that leather guys get attracted to. Over the last twelve months one of London's leading drag acts, the Trollettes, seem to have been adopted by the British leather world. There hasn't been a single big leather party without at least one appearance from this couple of cross-dressers. The two guys that make up the act David and Jimmy have been together professionally for about twelve years. Wherever they appear – in club or pub there's always a lot of leather around. Their regular spots in London are Monday evenings at the Royal Vauxhall Tavern in South London (Vauxhall subway, Victoria Line) and Saturday nights at the Union Tavern, south of the river too (Oval subway, Northern Line). Don't forget that these two places are public houses (the good old British pub) with restricted drinking times. So, if you want to see the show, it's best to get there about nine in the evening.

Subway, London's newest macho spot in Leicester Square, central London, held one of its huge parties Satur-

day last. It was supposed to have a pirate theme. Though, I must admit I only saw a couple... The place was packed with sweaty bodies and some really hunky men (where do they all come from?). The bar staff entered into the spirit of the evening, with my favorite barman of the moment, Stewart, decked out in almost nothing. It's worth coming to London just to see him. Of course, the Trollettes were there providing their usual outrageous floorshow. When they're on, it's not advisable to stand anywhere near the stage, if you're shy about being picked on that is. They're a merciless couple of faggots. The party went on until about six the next morning and there were still bodies around when we left. London has really lived up since Subway came on the scene.

Just one more thing, this month, if you want to know anything about the London scene, drop me a line, I'll make sure I answer any of your questions in future issues.

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LONG BEACH SHAVED SLAVE

Danny, in a black jock strap, can be found behind the bar at Impact in Long Beach on weekends. Tell him you saw him in Drummer and he'll be more than friendly.



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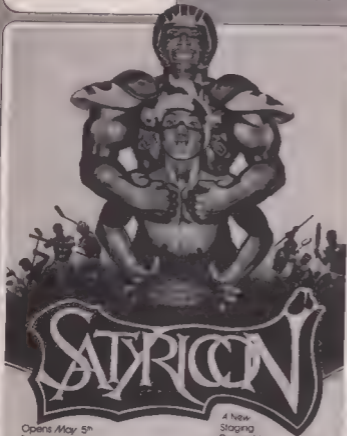
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The above "Number One Man" poster is available on 23 by 28 inch slick poster stock with or without the Arena logo as follows: with the logo \$8 including postage and handling; without the logo, signed and numbered by the artist, limited edition of 100 copies for \$25 including postage and handling. California residents add 9% sales tax. Send money order to: "Number One Man," c/o The Arena of San Francisco, 399 9th St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

**Tough
Shit**

IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE LIONS... Put your button where your heart is... or is it put your button where your mouth is? Obviously someone thinks there is a use for christ-an-types after all breakfast, lunch or dinner. We saw this button in San Francisco (where else?) and found out where it came from P.K., Box 14551, S.F., CA 94114. They're a dollar each (postpaid) and guaranteed to turn heads... or stomachs.

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MS. WHITEHALL REGRETS

After the fuss Mary Whitehall made over *The Romans in Britain*, a historic play with a male rape scene, we're just waiting for the shit to hit the Thames over Peter Benedict and Peter Collins creative staging of that old warhorse, *Satyricon*. Ms. Whitehall, the Anita Bryant of the United

Kingdom, never really saw *Romans in Britain*, she just knew it was obscene and launched a campaign to convince the theatre public she was right. Want odds that Whitehall claims *Satyricon* is part of an international homosexual conspiracy to corrupt all athletes?



CHILDREN...

Religious homophobes who charge gay people with being rampant child molesters would do well to look to their own flock first, judging from an article in *Family Week*. According to the article, fundamentalist christian Harry Zain of Charleston, WV, has been lobbying Congress for the past four years to lower the age of consent (heterosexual, that is) to 16 for boys and 12 for girls. According to Zain, who wants to marry a 13-year-old girl, "It would end promiscuity

AND ANIMALS FIRST!

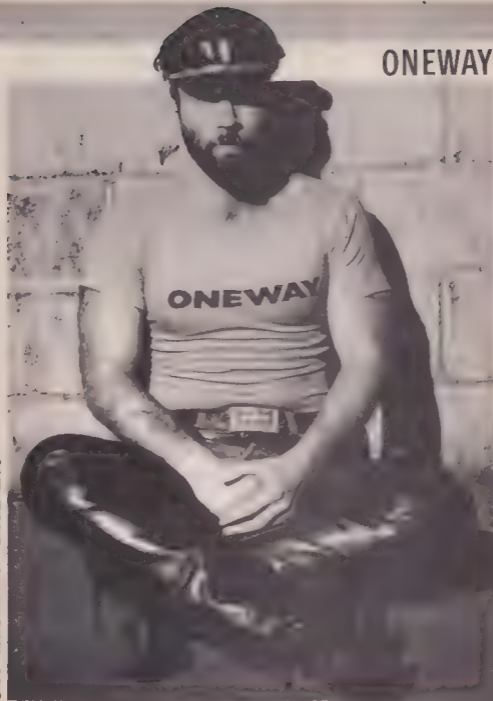
On the NBC-TV *Tomorrow Show*, the Rev Richard Zane, founder of the rightwing religious organization, *In God We Trust, Inc.* stated "We are losing the country morally by default" because of the rise of openly gay people. He went on to say, "Homosexuals don't constitute a legitimate minority" and that is civil rights protection for gay people is allowed, "bestiality will be next

-GALA, May 1981

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DRUMMER'S BOOKS

HISTORIC RECLAMATIONS

Run, don't walk, to your nearest bookstore and buy Vito Russo's *The Celluloid Closet: Homosexuality in the Movies* (Harper & Row, 1981, 276 pages, \$15.95, paperback \$9.95). Without a doubt, Russo has written the book that is going to set the Hollywood film community on its collective ear—and affect the teaching of American film theory for many years to come.

Starting at the very beginning with "The Gay Brothers", an experimental sound film William Dickson made for Thomas Edison in 1895—and following through right up to William Friedkin's insult to gays everywhere, "Cruising", Russo paints the portrait of gay men and women as reflected in the American cinema with a brush equally dipped in truth and revenge. Not only is Russo walking on virgin ground with his riveting retelling of gay film history, but he does it with the finest sense of style. And reading *Closet*, written with the fast pace of a Kentucky thoroughbred, is very much like watching a movie.

Russo has been extremely careful when telling tales about some of the greats and legends not to rely on rumor and innuendo. That allows him to call a fag-baiter by his or her real name, some of the fag-baiters and queer-haters Russo uncovers will turn many gay heads, and smash a gallery of former gay cinema idols.

The illustrations and the filmography at the end of the book are themselves worth the price of admission.

Alan Cartnal describes himself as "a serious student of mind-blowing cultures" and looks like a gay preppie. His expose of the glitter capital of the world, *California Crazy* (Houghton Mifflin 1981, 204 pages, \$9.95) is nowhere called a novel. And, sure enough, a phalanx of very real names and characters march through this fast-paced book like an army of asylum inmates off to a birthday party for the Marquise de Sade. If it's all true, it's all the better because *California Crazy* will push

all the right buttons for people who like reading about the antics of the surrealistic L.A. crowd.

F. Holland Day is a name long ignored, and, we find out in Estelle Jussim's masterpiece of biographical reconstruction, very much maligned by both history and his heterosexual contemporaries.



Slave To Beauty (Godine Publishers Inc, 1981, 310 pages, illustrated, \$35.00) may do to the photographic world what Vito Russo's book will do to the film world.

F. Holland Day was an intimate of the most important names in literature and photography at the turn of the century. He was, it is almost assured, the lover of Kahlil Gibran. He was touted, in the beginning, by Alfred Steiglitz. He brought the wit of Oscar Wilde and the cathartic brilliance of Audrey Beardsley to America. Day was a writer, a patron, a publisher, and a photographer. It was in the latter that he made his greatest contributions, including the invention of new processes of printing and developing that altered the face of the then-new art form.

Slave To Beauty is unflinching in almost every aspect of Day's life and loves save the patronage of Gibran. Here, for some reason, Jussim pulls punches, writing more between the lines than on the surface of the page.

If is obvious, after reading this powerful biography, that F. Holland Day deserved the accolades that have been awarded Steiglitz over the past decades. History will have to reconcile the abuse Day and his work have suffered at the hands of the man that has been called America's greatest photographer. *Slave To Beauty* does much to unseat Steiglitz from his clay throne.

Day's homosexuality was a major factor in his suppression both during his lifetime and after his death. It Jussim's biography can not right the wrong of time, it does bring an amazingly complete panorama of Day's life and work to the modern world.

It is in his photography that Day reaches his greatest heights; his photographs stand the test of time better than any other American practitioner of the art. His portraits of Gibran, his luscious nudes of everyday black men dressed as African chiefs, and his stunning photographic reconstructions of the historic Christ during his death are the telling proof of Day's place in photographic and gay history.

This is a massive and sweeping work housed in a lavish book, but it is worth every minute spent.

Peter Arthurs does the same for the Irish genius Brendan Behan with his unusual and intimate biography, *With Brendan Behan* (St Martin's Press, 1981, 298 pages \$16.95). Arthurs leaves no closet door unopened in bringing the truth of Behan's life and writing to the world, and there is no one—not even Behan's wife Beatrice—who knows Brendan the way Peter does.

Behan's homosexuality and pedophilia are no longer subjects of conjecture. His drinking bouts and public outbursts are woven into a persona that lived a pre-liberation life constantly under the gun of social disdain.

Arthurs writing captures both the style of Behan's literary and personal voice. His recollections of Behan's tall tales and questionable personal histories are as delightful as having actually been there in the room with the Irish rebel.

—Charles R. Musgrave

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CONRAP

I WANNA WRITE, BUT...

How many of you read this page each issue, or read some of it each issue, then turn the page and never go back to it? Raise your hands. That many, huh? I thought so.

I know all the arguments. I wanna write to a prisoner, but I don't have the time. I would like to write without getting involved with someone I don't know these guys, how can I write to some guy in prison when I don't know anything about him? I'd like to write to prisoner, but if I do he may be part of some giant scheme to rip off unsuspecting gays.

And there are a lot of others. Each one of the above has some validity. It does take time to maintain a correspondence with anyone, including your parents (and no one ever wants to write to their parents). And granted guys in prison do have more time to write than you and I. But with a little practice, setting aside 30 minutes a week to sit down and write a letter to a prisoner isn't going to make much difference in even the busiest schedule.

There is a way to express your concern without getting involved. Send a post card from your city. Send a Christmas Card. The grey interior of most prisons could use a little color, and for most prisoners, a post card from New York or Paris or Houston or Los Angeles is really a big deal. Christmas is another matter. Unfortunately, most people get very lonely around that time of the year, having been raised in a culture that puts extra emphasis on the necessity of the nuclear family on December 25th. But rather than a tirade on why none of those feelings are really valid, a season card with a brief, cheerful, caring inscription can go a long way toward easing Xmas pains. And you don't even have to sign your real name.

Statement number three: How can you know anyone if you don't open up to them a little? It's no crime, after a few letters, to write and say that you and the prisoner don't share enough common experience to maintain a meaningful correspondence. The prisoner will both understand and appreciate your honesty. (If there's one thing you learn in prison, it's to keep the bullshit down to a bare minimum.)

Most prisoners are not part of any real or imagined conspiracy. And when you're writing to a pri-

soner, you'll be able to see just where he's coming from through his letters. If you have a post office box for your mail, then use that when writing to prisoners if it will help alleviate your fears.

There are rip-off schemes operating in some prisons. And some guys have been ripped off out of their own stupidity. But common sense should tell you what sounds legit and what does not. Prisons operate pretty much like free-world communities. The rules and regulations are usually easily understood. In any event, a letter to a prison warden can clear up any questions.

DRUMMER feels that all of us should work towards prison reform, in the case of the gay prisoners it is a double challenge, as many gay prisoners are where they are because of their homosexuality. And that is a crime against them, and against all of us.

PRISONERS

Caring individuals wanted to correspond with lonely, 35 year old, professional, educated inmate James A. Mierop, No 158-553, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

Inmate would like pen pal., Am 24, 5'10", brown hair and eyes. Bill Crawford, 141-194, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

Black male, 19, 5'10", 162 lbs., smooth tan complexion, 10" dick with low hanging nuts, like it any way it comes. If you think you can handle this tool, write to: J.H. Lewis, 160-614, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

I'm a white male, 22 years old, doing short time. Should be out by Christmas. My hobbies are water-skiing, horseback riding and music. I would like to correspond with someone, Del Camren, No 93754, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

Gay white male, very attractive, 22 years old, 5'10", 155 lbs., desires correspondence from those interested in developing a serious, meaningful relationship. Please enclose a stamp with reply. Todd Wixon, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

White male, 27 years old, likes bodybuilding and stamp collecting. Will be released in nine months. Will send photo for photo Gary Moore, No 150-912, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

Black male, 24, 176 lbs., 6'11" brown eyes, short black hair, body in the best of health, 8 inches of manhood, dominant, caring, honest, seeks all down-to-earth real guys. Will answer all letters. Michael Dean Turner, No 156617, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

22 years old, black hair and brown eyes, 5'11", 175 lbs., and have no one to write to, and no family to visit. Would like to correspond with someone willing to invest a stamp and some leisure time toward another human being. Nicholas Shabarek A-053701, Box 1449-C-221-B, Homestead, FL 33030.

Lonely, would like to hear from the outside world. Phil Graham No 94372, Box 546 SHCC, Lexington, OK 73051.

Gay white male, 20 years old, 6'2"m 180 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, would like to receive letters from anyone I want to relocate when I get out in 10 months, and would be open to any suggestions from all of you in the free world. Joseph Saganuok NO3067 Box 99 Pontiac, IL 61764.

Bi-male, 37 years old, non-racist, 5'6", 135 lbs., light brown hair, dark brown eyes, incarcerated, looking for a serious person interested in developing a lasting relationship. Tommy L. Ragan, No 349437, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

Prisoner needs some meaningful contact with the outside world. All mail appreciated. Tommy Regan, No 349437, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

Very lonely white male, 22, wishes to correspond with other sincere and gay individuals. Will answer all replies promptly. David Hammar 97392, Rt 1 Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051.


Prisoner, white, gay, 41, into the outdoor scene, country and western music, seeks someone to write. Robert McKee C-12977, Box 886 D-136, Soledad, CA 93960.



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FACE TO FACE

The latest Mustang Production, *Face To Face*, has a lot going for it, not the least of which is the feature film debut of Clint Lockner playing a Highway Patrolman (naturally).

Lockner, who gathered a legion of fans since he first posed for Colt's cameras in his police uniform, has been one of the most sought after models of the last couple years. *Face To Face* is going to give his fans just what they've been waiting for, the opportunity to see Lockner walking, talking and getting it on.

Directed by Steve Scott, *Face To Face* is the story of a young man (played by Scott Anderson) who

has a fetish for porn star Jim King. This small town youth decides to leave rural Colorado and seek out the object of his sexual adoration in the big city of San Francisco where King lives. It is on the way there that he encounters Lockner and the sex scene Lockner fans have been awaiting unfolds on the screen.

Anderson survives Lockner and arrives in San Francisco just in time to see a Jim King Film Festival at a

porno theatre. Besides introducing the particular appeal of King to the real audience, via the films in the mini-festival, it also allows for some hard-edged theatre action as the men watching the film play out their own fantasies.

When Anderson goes to the gym where King is alleged to work out each day, he meets Miles Mitchell (who plays the gym instructor). Anderson is told that King is not there yet, but that he can wait if he





likes. He promptly falls asleep on a sofa in the lobby and dreams a sexual fantasy in the gym that will make the sweat pour. When he wakes up, Miles suggests he might

like to take a shower and freshen up. And so, as if to reiterate that dreams can come true, Anderson meets the root of his sexual fantasies in the gym shower. Guess

what happens.

A host of hot guys appear in *Face To Face*, including an appearance by Will Seagers. The film is set for summer release.



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